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OR,

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

ELIOT WARBURTON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS," "MEMOIRS OF PRINCE
RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS," "REGINALD HASTINGS,"
&c., &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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D A R I E N ;
OR,
THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with fears the crowded maze of fate.
Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

JOHNSON.

BEAUTIFUL is the influence that pure and cultivated women exercise on those around them,—developing unconsciously, and therefore the more effectively, the higher and nobler qualities that exist, however latently, in every man's nature. Women,—the most gifted of them at

least,—have a wonderful faculty of detecting hidden springs of worth in those they love, as it is said that the lapwing can discover suppressed fountains in the desert. If lovers or lapwings could only make better use of their discoveries, no doubt the moral and physical world would become amazingly fructified,—a very “land of streams.”

Alvaro was now happy, almost to his heart's desire; happy in Isobel, happy in himself, and in all around him. He looked back with self-compassion on the narrow and lonely intellectual life he seemed to have led before he knew her. New sources of thought, and feeling, and hope had gradually disclosed themselves. The world, as he before knew it, had begun to pall upon him, with all its repetitions and its want of object: like Columbus, he had now discovered a new one, of apparently infinite capabilities, as of virgin beauty.

“The true charm of true love,” he observed to his assenting friend, as they

walked towards the house of the latter on the evening after his return, "consists in its boundlessness. Mere passion, or wealth, or ambition, is like a creature of the chase; as soon as it is overtaken it has lost its value: but when we love, the sentiment pervades our whole being, as the atmosphere is imbued with the flower that has informed the common air with fragrant life."

"You say truly," rejoined Tinwald; "but the true reason of the superiority of love over passion is, that the former is an exercise of our infinite and immortal nature; the latter is of the earth, earthy."

"Why will you force upon me," said Alvaro, "a sentiment which you know I cannot follow? Happy are you in your philosophy, or religion, or whatever you please to call it. You can expand your love into the invisible world, and make the Deity alone your final point: mine does not go beyond the grave; the worms dissolve my spell. This

is, as you well know, no choice of mine. Like most men, I would prefer to rise after death to infinite glory rather than lie still and rot beside my dog; but the faculty of faith is as unequally distributed as other gifts. I was not born with it, nor nurtured into it; neither have I been able to attain to it by study, or even by such poor prayer as a voiceless soul can utter. Even when the world was my idol, I would have exchanged all that it could give for one hope of what it cannot give. Much more would I now; for great happiness, like great sorrow, weans one from the world."

"And have you given Isobel any hint of this?" inquired Tinwald.

"Alas no! and I fear for the moment when she must discover it," replied Alvaro. "I cannot deceive her; and gentle as her look of sorrow and surprise will be, I would rather meet all the arrows of your friends, the Indians, than that look. One great source of sympathy will then

cease; and I would not, if I could, win *her* from a faith that has made her what she is, to my own dark and dreary negation of a belief."

Just then the friends arrived at Tinwald's house, and the two cousins expressed a wish to stroll down to the sea to look at the boat of Andreas in which Tinwald had returned from the Indians. Andreas had obtained all that he desired from Alvaro, and was to sail in the morning; and with him it was intended that the Indian woman should be returned to her people. Her release had been easily obtained; — the more so as she had exhibited during her confinement more of the characteristics of a caged tiger, than any of the gentler animal tendencies. They found the Indian chief on board his little vessel; and in his company Partan, who had many questions to ask about his old friends upon the Spanish Main. From Andreas he learned that Lawrence had escaped from the Poyais Indians, and had reached the friendly

natives of Cape Gracias à Dios. There he had got a large canoe, and had again tried Dead Man's Isle ; but he found the little island almost entirely dug up, and the treasure gone. Soon afterwards, he had made his way to Tortuga, and there procured a small but well-manned schooner, in which he had gone again to sea.

Andreas made his home near what was called the Golden Island, at the mouth of the Gulf of Darien. The superb harbour which opens within that island was the site which Paterson had fixed upon for his great colonial city, and thither he and Alvaro intended to proceed in a few days to reconnoitre. For the present Alvaro's departure for Spain was indefinitely postponed. He had now an object nearer to his heart than even Darien ; but for the first time in his life he felt fear, and dared not to approach its crisis. More than once on this eventful evening he was about to ask the most important question in man's life ; but old Janet

appeared unusually fidgetty, and was continually conjuring her “bairns” to “gang hame out o’ the dewes.” Janet’s authority was always submitted to; so Isobel and Alvaro returned, followed at a short distance by Alice and Tinwald. Their romance seemed about to close, for Tinwald had discovered at Carthagena the chaplain of an English man-of-war, and he was even now soliciting Alice’s consent to being married as soon as possible, in order (amongst other reasons not so prominently put forward) to afford a more conventional home and protection to Isobel. And in truth this girl was not among the least of his cares; for he was by no means anxious that she should marry his friend, dear as he was, with the views he held; and he could scarcely bear to think of the pain that would follow if their intercourse was broken off.

Whilst he and Alice were discussing these, and other momentous matters, Isobel ap-

peared with a frightened and anxious look.

“Alvaro,” she said, “had been suddenly called away by one of his clerks, and the expression of fear on the messenger’s face had communicated itself, perhaps, to her; for she knew no reason to feel alarmed.”

Tinwald, engrossed with the subject on which he had been speaking, did not much regard this intelligence. He told Isobel that such things often happened, and that probably, Alvaro would ere long return; and then he continued his whispered conversation with her cousin, and she retired. But he was soon again interrupted. The door opening into the verandah where he stood was suddenly flung open, and Ghorka unceremoniously presented himself. His bearing was no longer servile and timid, but resolute and bold, like that of one who has a great cause in hand. He looked almost angrily at Tinwald as he exclaimed—

“Massa is a prisoner! Him took by de tam fetish-man’s friend. De whole city

is in one great hoobboob. I tell many friends of Massa's: de all say, 'Inkision!' and turn dere backs."

Tinwald at this terrible announcement forgot Alice herself, and everything but his friend's danger, for the moment. His first impulse was to fly to his assistance; but he restrained himself, and waited to hear what Ghorka would propose. He had already had experience of his fidelity and subtlety; he saw that the negro's whole soul was intent on his master's deliverance, and the working of every man's soul, he knew, has more or less of inspiration in it. The slave's broad chest was heaving with passion; his eyes glowed like coals of fire:

"What wait you for?" he cried. "De people say dat massa will be burn—burn like one toast. Will you stay—will you stay till massa—bery dear massa—be destroy,—and den turn up de eye, and say 'God help?' You no worship fetish 'Nick: you no turn white when I say 'Inkision.' De nigger man is like you—he ready to

face fetish or priest, or black debil hissel, when all right in his own bus'm. Listen! Get away to de boat of Andreas all you hab, all you can get: buy plenty food, plenty sailor to pull oar, buy eberyting and eberybody; and hab all ready to sail in tree hour. Me hab moche friend in city; me prince in my own countree; de black man bery many will all do my bid. Buck-ras will scold bery moche, but dey will not kill. Black men hab strong bones, and we hab take moche iron from a sip. We will take massa from de prison, and hab him on board in tree hour—all safe and free!" and the excited negro shouted with exultation as if his scheme was already accomplished.

Tinwald saw the force of his suggestions. He knew that well-planned insurrections of the slaves for less laudable purposes, were not uncommon; and as Alvaro was very popular in the state, he thought that a revolt in his favour would probably be connived at; above all, he saw, that this

was the only chance of freedom for his friend. There were but a few moments for reflection, and the Scot did not hesitate. He accepted, not for himself alone, but for her who was far dearer to him, the dangerous project. In doing so, he abandoned not only his home of many years, at the dawn of its happiest hour, but with it, as he thought for ever, the most glorious scheme of colonization that had yet been planned.

The moment Ghorka received his assent, he rushed out of the house and flew to the city. There, from lane to lane and garden to garden, he hastened with native subtleness and stealth,—summoning each slave upon whom experience told him that he could depend. Dusky crowds were soon assembled in Alvaro's spacious gardens, unseen in the kindred darkness of the night.

Meanwhile, Tinwald had disclosed to Alice and her cousin the crisis that was approaching; and they unhesitatingly pre-

pared to face the danger. Old Janet alone remonstrated at first, but she at once submitted to the dictum of Partan, who was also called into council.

“The Span’ard,” he said, “saved our lives, and something more, mayhap; and my ’vice is that we gang wi’ him the now. No for the ginerosity o’ the thing, but nae Christian man or woman-kind will be safe amang these papishes, ance their parsecuting bluid is up. Sae, Tinwald, ye’ll just get your affairs in order, and I’ll step doon wi’ the leddies and the auld ’oman, and tidy things for ’em a bit in the Ingin’s boatie, and see to purvisionin’ her the maist I can. The Ingin creatur’ is aye canny, and has a hantle canvass that we’ll see fly through the bolt-ropes afore ever a Span’ard overha’s us.”

This being arranged, Tinwald hastened to the city to secure whatever the officials of the Inquisition had left attainable; and he was also able to procure considerable sums from friendly merchants, by way of

loan. In the warmth of their sympathy, and on the strength of his honour, he might have possessed himself of half their wealth.

As Alice and her cousin hurried down in the darkness to the shore, a fearful presentiment hung on the mind of Isobel. That very evening the conviction that she had given her affections to an infidel had first flashed upon her mind. She at first trembled under the force of the temptation, and she had prayed to be delivered from the sore trial. Now, that prayer seemed awfully answered, and he whom she had loved might be about to perish by the most cruel death. If he escaped, how should she receive him ?

While the poor wanderers were hurrying on board of the felucca, Carthagera lay apparently in profound repose. The stars shone brightly down, showing the towers and the tufted palms among the gardens, and glistening on the fountains. But few eyes, save those of women and children,

were closed that night within the city walls. The citizens knew that there was some wide-spread conspiracy on foot, and lay trembling in their houses. The slaves were assembled by thousands, and listened to brave words that found an echo even in their poor hearts. The Governor, a proud, weak man, was bewildered between his awe of the Inquisition, and the reports of insurrection, which induced him to concentrate all his forces in the citadel.

On board the felucca there were many eager hands very silently at work. Partan insisted on dropping down towards the offing with the first of the ebb, and leaving only a light canoe for the expected fugitive. This was reluctantly agreed to by Tinwald, who saw the necessity for getting from under the guns of the fort on San Lazaro. So with muffled oars the felucca glided down the channel.

Just as she got under weigh, some quick sharp shots were heard from the

city, then loud shouts, and heavily booming strokes, as of weighty bodies forcing massive gates. And then the Law made itself heard, by bell and trumpet, convoking the assistance of its satellites and the citizens. Then the firing increases, and the bells peal more wildly, but above all the din, shouts of exultation and savage glee are heard ; and just as morning breaks a crowd of blacks rushes towards the shore, and high above them, borne on their shoulders, is Alvaro, rescued by heathens from the clutches of the Church. He enters the canoe, which, nevertheless, pauses for Ghorka, who, with a grand air, is making a speech to his dusky countrymen, and distributing among them all the savings of many years. Then the boat shoves off, and the poor negroes, so lately protected by darkness, and sustained by triumph above all fear, suddenly find themselves in broad daylight, and surrounded by some hundreds of their masters, armed to the teeth with deadly

weapons, and all the influence of authority. The slaves quietly lay down their arms, and submissively sneak off to their various quarters, to be openly flogged or secretly rewarded, according to the temper or the religious views of their various masters.

On board of the felucca there was a brief but fervid greeting to the fugitive, and a welcome, "not loud, but deep." His customary self-possession was unshaken, and his dark eyes alone, by their more vivid expression, betrayed the excitement of the scenes that he had passed through. In the deep waist of the felucca Alice and Isobel were sitting upon a heap of silken cushions, thrown on board at random: the latter scarcely seemed to see Alvaro as he flung himself down before them in an attitude of careless ease.

. " Her eyes

Were with her thoughts, and they were far away ;"

seeking the Receiver of grateful thoughts for answered prayer.

The Moresco gazed on her almost with idolatry, as she remained there fixed in a kneeling attitude, with upturned eyes, and wondered in himself if the creed that such an angel held could possibly be a dream.

The felucca crept along over the smooth seas, more slowly as she receded from the land, where the breeze was strongest. Tinwald, on the poop, kept anxious watch with Partan and Andreas. The old Buccaneer was at first restored to cheerfulness by finding himself once more in his native elements of emergency and seamanship, but now his accustomed gloom returned upon him. Tinwald tried to rally him out of his despondency, saying, that with the blessing of Providence, they would reach Jamaica in a few days, and thence a safe voyage home might be calculated on with confidence. Partan shook his head and said solemnly,—

“Na, na, I sall never see the bonnie hills of Scotland mair. My time’s comin’.

It's no the thought of separation frae this waefu' life that mak's my heart sair, but to part frae yon bonnie bairns afore they're safe out of these unsanctified says, that's no for the like of they. I dinna ken if it be the shirks aneath these blue waters, or the Caribs, or the land crabs that wull hae the dismemberin' o' this puir body o' mine, but I ken weel it'll no haud lang thegither. Now, Tinwald, I hae still some hunnerd pund in yon little kist; and when I'm gane, ye'll just dispose o't as ye think best; and as 'ill make maist reparation for the ill deeds it was gotten by. It's that thought above a' that hangs heavy on the saul o' me.—But look, look, Andreas, yonder! By the Etarnal, it's the black pirate creepin' out frae yon headland, and she's shootin' alang the water like a witch. It's the same,—it's the same that beset us afore."

It was too true. A low black hull, with a huge cloud of canvass, was running along with the land breeze, and overhauling the

felucca so fast that she appeared to be already within gunshot. Partan kindled up into the stout seaman once more.

“ Out wi’ the canoe ! ” he shouted, “ and pit the leddies aboard her ; and you, Tinwald, and the Span’ard must gang wi’ her. Andreas can make his ain terms, for the buccaneers are aye friendly wi’ these Ingins.”

There was no time to lose. The felucca was brought up to the wind, and the terrified ladies and old Janet were handed over into the canoe, with such water and provisions as could be instantly got hold of : a couple of English sailors, too, to pull ; and so they shoved off, in shelter of the felucca, who had now her broadside to the approaching buccaneer. There was room for no more in the canoe, and Partan swore that he would throw himself into the sea, if they waited for him. Time pressed, and without further hesitation, they rowed away for life and liberty. There was a fearful suspense now, for the breeze had also failed the buccaneer, and she came on but slowly :

but she was rigging out her long sweeps, and would soon make way. Suddenly a flash gleamed from her long swivel gun, as Partan, with his face turned to the canoe, was waving his old weatherbeaten hand in farewell: the next moment he disappeared: that shot had cut him in two, and at the same time carried away the felucca's main-sheet. She fell off before the wind, and as she glided by the poor sailor's body, a broadside from the buccaneer rang his requiem over the dark deep sea. Andreas instantly lowered his flag, which he had only kept standing to divert attention from the fugitives; instantly the buccaneer ranged up alongside of him. At the same time clouds began to darken over the sky, so lately glowing with all the colours of a dying dolphin. The experienced freebooters having flung a grappling-iron on board their prize, shortened sail with wonderful rapidity, as their vessel dragged their prize along with them through the water. A few words of ex-

planation from Andreas seemed to satisfy their captain, who lay motionless upon his deck all the while. He had by this time detected the canoe, though now a mere speck upon the water ; and he was about to give chase, when a new object diverted his attention. Two Spanish galleons had been lying in Carthagena, ready for sea. The enraged Inquisitor had compelled the Governor to order them to pursue his destined victim, and they now became visible, carrying the freshening wind with them from the land. The invalid captain instantly threw his schooner up into the wind, and beat back fearlessly to meet them. The felucca meanwhile had rove a new mainsheet, and stood after the canoe. Andreas knew that if the coming gale overtook that fragile skiff, it must instantly be swamped ; and he gallantly crowded all sail, at the risk of being overtaken by the squall, and carrying away his masts. But still, as he flew along to the north, he turned his admiring eyes from time to time

back upon the daring buccaneer, who was now standing up towards the pursuers, though either of them could command twice the number of his own guns and men: the encounter that he was about to dare was long afterwards remembered in those seas, and has been handed down by history. The Spanish ships came on, closing with each other, to cut off, as they conceived, all possibility of escape from the pirate. But no thought of escape entered the mind of Lawrence (for he it was, as the reader will have guessed). He had been lying in wait for one of these very ships, and the unexpected presence of her consort could not daunt him from his purpose. The men who served him were of his own sort, and welcomed the alternative of death or conquest with a wild cheer, as the blood-red Flag ran up aloft and streamed out upon the rising gale. A few shots from his enemies whistled over him unanswered. He wore his schooner, and, letting his topsail go by the run, soon

found himself overtaken by, and between his pursuers : they ceased firing for fear of injuring each other ; their grappling-irons were cast on board of the pirate unresistingly, and he was called upon to surrender, as the vessels lay all three locked together, and moving like one body through the water. Lawrence reclined (for he was still unable to stand) by an open hatchway, beneath which lay the powder magazine, now thrown open. His men, huddled into a close mass, were clustered round the bows ; they seemed instinctively to shrink from the coming explosion, but they bristled with tomahawks and cutlasses. Lawrence, in answer to the summons to surrender, pointed down to the magazine.

“ Twenty barrels of powder ! ” he shouted ; “ only wait for your first shot, to blow you all to hell ! ”

The Spaniards, stout as they were, shrank from the sudden and imminent destruction. The Buccaneer was well-known to them : they did not doubt that he

would keep his word ; and his face, now transformed into the aspect of a fiend, seemed to assure it. A dreadful pause of a moment ensued. Then one of the Spaniards cast off his grappling-irons and stood away, but carried with him a shower of unquenchable fireballs which the buccaneers had flung upon his decks and into his hold : every man on board only thought of extinguishing them, and the ship ran away before the wind. Then Lawrence, with his pistol still presented to his magazine, shouted to his men ; and they leaped upon the deck of the other Spaniard, whose crew, all unnerved by the still threatened explosion, scarcely offered any resistance. In a few minutes, they were conquered, slain, flung overboard ; and the Bloody Flag floated over the broad banner of yellow and scarlet that so lately had flaunted proudly from their mast head. But the bugle of their chief soon recalled the boarders. Some brief orders were given : half-a-dozen hands were left on board the

prize to work her, and the rest made all sail on their own little craft. The remaining Spaniard was now on fire forward, and her dry sails burned up rapidly into three pillars of flame. The despairing crew had retreated to the lofty poop, and were trying to lower their boats, but Lawrence ranged up along-side and poured in a steady fire of musketry, under which they fell fast. Among them was seen a Dominican friar standing with folded arms, awaiting his fate with stern composure. But as soon as the Buccaneer was near enough to be recognised, he addressed Lawrence as an old acquaintance, and *commanded* him to cease firing, and to send his boat to take him on board. Lawrence crossed himself, and turned away. The firing was renewed for a few minutes, but the flames had now eaten their way aft, and were creeping up to the poop. The Buccaneer stood away to avoid the explosion which must soon take place, and the miserable Spanish

crew threw themselves into the sea. There for a few minutes they remained floundering about, but they were soon suddenly twitched under water, and the quickly ensanguined waves showed that the sharks were busily at work. The friar's dark form was still to be seen on the ship, relieved off the flames, that towered up behind him: all at once they ceased, as if concentrating all their efforts below, and then shot up into the sky, scattering far and wide every remnant of the ship. The little crew of the canoe, meanwhile, as soon as they observed the felucca bearing down upon them, imagined that the buccaneers had taken possession of her, and were thus continuing the pursuit. Then all that fear could do in brave hearts was tried: not only no quarter for the men, but the respite awaiting the women was still worse. One strange hope gleamed across the mind of Alice: it might be Lawrence who thus pursued them, and he might still remember enough

of his love for her to spare her companions. Tinwald watched the approaching vessel in silence, contented—yes, that is the word—*contented* to repose upon his faith that all things work for good. Isobel in her agony of fear clung to Alvaro, fearing a thousand times more for him, because she thought that neither in this world nor the next should she ever again behold him—him, who stood so nobly dauntless there, pressing her to his strong heart, and defying fate to paralyze the joy that pressure gave him. But his thoughts were darkened even then by one doubt. Was it not better for Isobel to die with him than to survive among those ruthless ruffians of the Coast?—Aye, die the terrible death that lay in wait beneath them, where the sharks were gleaming to and fro, and even biting at the oars which still, though hopelessly, swiftly swept the sea. Tinwald read his thoughts, and shared their temptation, but he did not yield. His eyes wandered from the resolute

form of Alvaro to the poor old woman who had followed her young charges into such deadly hazards. He could not help admiring the proud bearing of the Moor in that moment of trial; but he admired still more his aged countrywoman, who with hands clasped and eyes upturned, was praying fervently, trustingly and aloud. Another danger was now approaching; for the rising wind had begun to break the hitherto calm surface of the sea into short angry waves, and the canoe was labouring perilously. Tinwald began to think that *thus*, perhaps, they might be rescued from the buccaneers, and “win to death” without the guilt of suicide. But the felucca was now nearing them rapidly, and even shortening sail with the evident intention of taking them up safely. Alvaro looked down to gaze once more upon Isobel. Tinwald who was steering, had his back towards the pursuer; and the two English sailors were almost blinded by sweat and their exertions at the oar,

sustained to the last. Suddenly old Janet burst out into a strain of exultation that made her companions suppose she had gone mad. She expressed her joy in the words of Deborah to Barak; and stretched out her arms eagerly to Andreas, whose joyful face she perceived over the bows of the felucca, as he made signs to the sailors to rest their oars. * * *

When the lately despairing friends found themselves once more on board the felucca, what a very ark it seemed! The rapture of their conscious safety tried them far more than the extremity of danger had done; and the stout sailors wiped away more than one tear with the perspiration that poured from their foreheads: Tinwald uttered a solemn thanksgiving for their safety in the name of all; and as the women sobbed out their sympathy, an unwonted moisture stood even in the eyes of Alvaro. Safe, however, as they seemed to be, in comparison with their late condition, there was still much to be done. The

buccaneer and her prize had disappeared below the horizon, but it was necessary to alter their course in order to elude pursuit, and the gale increased as night drew near. Jamaica was the only safe refuge that Alvaro could hope for ; for there, England's flag was flying ; and even then that flag had power to protect all who sought its shelter.

The felucca's course was, therefore, laid for that island, and in a short time her crew and passengers resumed the position from which they had been disturbed by the Buccaneer. All, except the faithful old sailor, who was mourned for with a depth of sorrow that many an admiral's *manes* might have envied.

CHAPTER XX.

O ! land first seen when life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave !
Which now my travell'd heart looks back upon,
Marking each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory, and there a grave :
I love you, I remember you, though years
Have fled o'er the hills my spirit knew.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE reader will have guessed that the friar had communicated his discovery of Alvaro's identity to his assistant-officer ; and had directed him, on landing at Carthagená, to summon the authorities to execute the decree of the Inquisition. The merchants of Carthagená were renowned amongst all mercantile communities for

their liberal spirit and honourable dealing ; but they did not dare to oppose the authority of the Roman Church, which then brooded over the world with terrible and mysterious influence. The penalties of disobedience were awful ; extending beyond death and tortures, to eternal excommunication, and the punishment of children yet unborn. The children of the Church, at Carthagená, would have resisted, as they had already done, the most powerful army of buccaneers ; but they shrank before the mandate of a single stranger, when backed by the authority of the Church.

Accordingly Alvaro was banished, with all his wealth and enterprise, and the many advantages that he would have bestowed upon Spanish America. The same fell persecution that had made Granada desolate, that had reduced Italy to poverty and disgrace, and Spain to imbecility and premature old age ; the power that had converted the fertile fields of Hayti and Hispaniola into wildernesses—the same

power now seized upon the wealth of Carthagena's most enterprising merchant, and converted its beneficent commercial circulation into instruments of future persecution.

The felucca flew along before the wind ; and the women, worn out by excitement and the fatigue of the previous night, retired to rest. Alvaro and his friend still watched, together and in silence, the last blue speck that remained of New Spain. Their great scheme was interrupted ; the Isthmus must still remain a barrier (and perhaps for ages yet to come) against all intercourse between the uttermost ends of the Old World through the heart of the New. The past had crumbled into dust beneath the partners' feet ; they had to build up a new edifice upon the future—a great and wide foundation.

Alvaro, therefore, now found reason to congratulate himself that he had been induced, by this defeated purpose, to concentrate his widely-scattered interests in London. Though comparatively a small

part of his property in Carthagena had been saved, he might still account himself one of the wealthiest merchants of his time.

The next day,—and the next,—with fine weather and smooth water, returned all that charmed life which only such a voyage can inspire. The sea, in its lucid intervals, and in summer latitudes, affords the most delightful, as well as the sublimest, of all views to a meditative mind. And to those circumstanced as our travellers were, the charm of moving rapidly yet without personal motion, over the mysterious depths of ocean, was enhanced by their isolation. Within that floating island, winged with its snowy canvas, was concentrated all that the heart would range the world eagerly in search of. There it lay, always within reach,—always available,—without worldly or vulgar cares to interrupt the course of happily monotonous events; or the unrepurchased selfishness with which those “other selves” were watched over and caressed.

Alice and Paterson already enjoyed all the calm of a haven, after the troubled ocean of cares that they had passed. But Alvaro was still in a state of anxious uncertainty with respect to Isobel.

There was a near approach to a perfect understanding and sympathy between that simple, unsophisticated Scottish girl, and that wealthy, aspiring Moor, whose ambition (though he confessed it not) was unbounded, and whose cultivated genius looked down upon the world as if it lay spread before him at his feet. Yet there was one bar, and that a fatal one, to the union, or perfect communion of these otherwise all-happy lovers. Isobel cherished her national creed with puritanic fervor; and Alvaro was one of those who looked to no future life: but this discovery had not yet been declared, or their happiness would have been ended. For, next to love, and sometimes before it, a sense of sacrifice is most dear to a woman's heart; and when she is devout, and has a chance of sacrificing her feelings

to her faith, she seldom loses that chance—at least as long as it has the poignancy of novelty; for such strength as hers is seldom adapted to resist a sap, though all-powerful against open assault.

In a word, Alvaro was pleading his passion to one who returned it with interest; yet he was pleading it in vain.

The cousins had taken counsel together, and together had strengthened poor Isobel's little heart to the relinquishing of its happiness. When a man is refused on such grounds, however, he seldom fails to lean more upon the tenderness that betrays itself, than the abnegation which is ostentatiously put forward.

“The sad resolve which is a wise *man's* vow,”

expresses itself in looks, and words, and tones, that reveal no *arrière pensée*. But a woman's resolve, when it is a sad one, is seldom so well guarded as to externals. Hers is the glance—half, and but half averted; the faltering voice; the heart

ready to burst beneath its trial ; almost seeming to plead against its sacrifice. Above all, Isobel's was a beauty which conflicting emotions serve only to enhance.

Alvaro still feared to precipitate a decision that might conclusively destroy his hope, and gave himself up with recklessness of the future, to such enjoyment as the present hours afforded. His richly stored mind enabled him to secure a deeply interested listener whenever and howsoever long he spoke ; and Isobel listened as she thought only with her mind, but it was with her very heart. If her lover had been dilating on the differential calculus, his words would have appeared full of meaning and of light to her.

At length, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, the voyagers made the land, and soon after came to anchor off Blewfields, then a considerable seaport. There lay Alvaro's ship, the Buonaventura, which had discharged her passenger at St. Jago, and was now waiting for her owner's

further orders. Andreas was dismissed with bountiful remuneration for his services; the friends took possession of the ship, and the fair companions of their dangers rested gratefully in a cottage on the shore. There, soon afterwards, Alice became the wife of Paterson, whom thenceforth she cheered and supported patiently in all his trials; until, at length, she sealed her love and truthfulness in his last great enterprise.

As soon as the usual assembly of ships was ready to sail for England, the wanderers resumed their homeward-bound course. It was only too short for its chief-passengers. Paterson was entirely happy—happier than it is safe to be—in his love and in his speculative dreams. If the winds lifted up their voices and the ship was hurried along over the tumultuous waves, it was well with him, for he was brought nearer to the scenes of his future labour. If every breath was hushed and the ship lay tranquil and unmoved upon the star-strewn breast of ocean, it was also well

with him, for his bride was by his side with gentle loving looks, and sweet words and playful thoughts, by which he suffered himself to be diverted from his most cherished schemes.

At such times, too, Isobel would sing the heart-touching songs of Scotland, spreading over the lonely waters the spell of such melody as sailors love,—such tones as might seem echoes of mermaid minstrelsy. And at such times Alvaro would listen with a softened heart, and wonder if there must not be an immortality, at least for such as Isobel. And when the song was ended, the Moor would draw near the singer timidly, and endeavour by words full of loving subtlety, to approach a sympathy which she mournfully withheld.

With all such pleasures, and such pains as were equivalent to most other joys, the voyage was quickly made; and Alvaro was soon lodged in one of the gloomy but spacious palaces that now lie hidden among dark lanes in London, and as warehouses

groan beneath the weight of all nations' produce.

Paterson and his bride, with her cousin and old Janet, lived together in a house in Cheapside. The travelled Scot had been honourably welcomed by the great mercantile community, among whom his proposal to form a Bank of England had early attracted great attention. Alvaro had proposed to execute a deed of partnership, on their first arrival; but to this Paterson firmly refused to consent. It was his friend's capital, alone, he maintained, that had founded his fortunes; it was also his high spirit of enterprise and moral courage that had built them up.

"For myself," continued the disinterested Paterson, "I claim the same remuneration that you would have given to your chief clerk; and more than that it will not comport with my honour to accept, or with your delicacy to insist upon."

It appears that this difficult point was at length settled by Paterson receiving

ten thousand pounds, and Alvaro proceeded in his mercantile career alone. His friend devoted himself to the elucidation of his plan for founding the Bank of England; and having entrusted its details, as he thought, to honourable hands, he set out on a visit to Scotland. He desired earnestly to refresh his patriotic heart with a sight of his native hills; but this would not have induced him to part so soon from his new-found home, had it not been that his affairs there required his presence.

In those days a journey to Scotland was a serious undertaking; and Alice was obliged to content herself with her lodgings in Cheapside and her cousin's society during her husband's absence.

The old Manor-house of Tinwald looked very small, and gloomy, and desolate, but it was not the less dear for that. The castle of Caerlaverock seemed unchanged by as much as a fresh branch of ivy. The Peel-house had been alto-

gether closed up; and when the door and windows were now opened, a peculiar odour, not altogether unlike that of punch, brought back reminiscences of old Tam's convivialities, and poor Partan's weakness. The kail-yard was overgrown with weeds, and the few flowers that Alice had cherished were looking as wild almost as the thistles and nettles that had encroached upon their borders. But in one corner of the little wilderness a geantree arrested Tinwald's attention. Unlike its kindred, the fruit upon its boughs was withered and shrunken; the ground beneath it had evidently been disturbed. There, then, Tinwald sought for the money which the doting old man had buried; and there he found it, in an old iron porridge-pot; about two thousand pounds in all,—a considerable sum for those days, yet far less than Tam had probably been possessed of; but Tam's was not a singular case of hoarded wealth disappearing unaccountably. The infructuousness of a

miser's money has long since given birth to a standing proverb.

The laird of Tinwald was kindly welcomed by tenants who no longer called him master ; and he rejoiced that he had still a place among them. He duteously repaired the old Manor-house, and re-established more than one falling cottage in the village. The little community was beginning to droop under the influence of a grasping landlord, who considered nothing but its rents. The gaps caused by time were not filled up, and the people faded away. Madden Ray had been drowned at sea ; young Swilltap had found means to escape his stern father, and was supposed to have joined Lawrence on the Spanish Main. It was with a saddened heart that Tinwald once more turned his face from his mournful home to seek his destiny in new scenes.

“ Here ends Book the Second,” said

I to the Highlander; who replied, rather drowsily,

“ I’m glad on’t; for now we’ll get to the pith of the story, the great scheme itself; I hope ye winna mak it sae dry as your merchant’s affairs. I hope, too, you’re not ganging to drag us into a controversy between the heathen and the lassie; for siccan buiks as you’s are nae seemly raceptacles for solemn truths; and the less that infidel arguments are expounded the better. The unregenerate saul is aye prone to find mair strength in them, than in siccan refutation as you can gie, be’in na divine.”

To this observation I fully agreed, and assured my censor that such matters should be passed over as lightly and yet respectfully as possible. For the dryness that he apprehended, I was more solicitous, inasmuch as it is impossible to convert downright matters of business into anything like amusement.

When next we met, the MS. was resumed, as follows :

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Weep not for treasure lost,
Weep not for fair hopes cross'd;
Weep not when limbs wax old,
Weep not when friends grow cold;
Weep not that Death must part
Thine and the best-loved heart;
Yet weep, weep all thou can—
Weep, weep—because thou art
A sin-defiled man.

R. C. TRENCH.

THE merchant prince had reached London about two months since, in one of the finest ships then known. He had taken a proud pleasure in rendering it as magnificent for Isobel as if she were queen of the world as well as of his heart. To

Alvaro, wealth had lost its ordinary significance; he measured all purchaseable things not by their cost but by his desire, if for himself; or by his sympathy, if for others. He had with him only the wreck of his fortune at Carthagená (all else had been instantly possessed by the Holy Officials), but that was in itself of great value: and even now his ships must be approaching the Thames from Venice, Alexandria, Genoa, Peru, Mexico, and the northern seas; concentrating his widely-scattered property in the one vast metropolis where such wealth could remain secure.

His reception among the great merchants of London was, as might be expected, frank, cordial, and honourable. The story of his misfortunes was soon (too soon) noised abroad, and made him doubly welcome among citizens who had just escaped from a Rome-ridden monarch.

William the Third, in pursuance of his life-long scheme to abase the power of

France, then cultivated friendly relations with Spain; but the refugee from oppression was as safe in the sanctuary of England as all England's power, and her yet mightier name could render him. Alvaro had been exiled from his native land, and pursued by the same tyranny to the country of his adoption. He was thus thoroughly undenized, and his heart blessed the free soil that extended to him its shelter and security. His sanguine and energetic mind would formerly have expatiated into new enterprises in the genial atmosphere of a city that has sent forth more mighty projects, perhaps, than all the kingdoms of the earth put together. But that spirit was dead within Alvaro for the time. He transacted his affairs with a languor and indifference at variance with his usual habits; and his new friends wondered how such a man could have ever achieved for himself a world-wide name and colossal fortune.

But the mightiest heart has only room

for one passion at a time to rule therein ; and when a passion is once dethroned, it becomes not only powerless but importunate. The weight of his affairs, which Alvaro formerly rejoiced in, now became a very burden. His searching eyes and keen intelligence, no longer bent upon his various and widely scattered interests, were now turned inwards : in the workings of his own soul he found a more anxious field for inquiry and observation than in the commerce of a world. And while the pilot's watchfulness was thus diverted, faint symptoms of approaching but unnoticed storms began to threaten his bark. Those dim reports, so untraceable in their origin, so rapid in transmission, which affect the sensitive barometer of credit, began to be whispered. Two or three of his wealthiest ships were lost ; but that scarcely inspired him with any regret, except for their crews' sake. A lonely man in the world, and apparently destined to remain so, he was almost indifferent to the loss or accu-

mulation of money, or only regarded it as gamblers do their counters.

One day, however, he required a large sum of money for some sudden occasion in Paris, and he announced his requirement, expecting that it would be readily complied with. But, no; the whole community of moneyed men, like so many feelers of one great polypus, at once drew in. This was not from distrust of the open-hearted stranger, but from professional tactics. Had he gone to any one of them, and frankly explained his wants and his power to meet them, the brave confidence of his brother merchants would have readily been bestowed; but this, he who a short time before could have commanded millions, was too proud to do. To ask comparative strangers to share their hard-earned wealth with him as a favour, appeared to him to be monstrous, and the practical Paterson was not near to control his imaginative caprices. The demand of his correspondent, there-

fore, was only answered by postponement ; and this, coupled with the rumours of his extensive losses at Carthagena and at sea, shook his credit to its foundation at Paris. Amsterdam and Hamburgh immediately caught up the alarm. Demands came pouring in upon the scarcely yet established house of Alvaro, and surprised him as much as if he had never been in business, to which, indeed, practically he was almost a stranger ; adverse winds delayed his expected ships, and speeded on at the same time the news of his reported embarrassment. Some of his most deeply indebted correspondents seized the opportunity to become bankrupts.

In the course of a month, when Paterson returned to London, he was encountered with a report that Alvaro was a ruined man. He hastened to his friend, and found him sitting composedly in the window of his house, looking out upon the river. After the first greeting was over, the Scot asked the whole question in three words :—

“ Is it true ? ”

“ If you have heard anything to justify that anxious look, it must be so,” responded his friend, quietly.

“ But cannot anything be done ? ” pursued Paterson. “ Surely a great house like yours is not to collapse at once, and disappear, as if it were a mere huxter’s venture. I will go among the merchants and jewellers, and will tell them all. It is not want of means, but want of effort, that is prostrating you. Let me hasten to repair the injuries which I perceive that your pride and your fastidiousness have already caused you.”

“ Not if you love me,” Alvaro replied, almost sternly. “ I would not, if I could, resume my anxious eminence among those suspicious, ungenerous countrymen of yours. I have lost a game, which, in sooth, I cared little to win. No one else will lose :—of that be assured ; for the only anxiety I have felt, and the only trouble I have taken, has been to ascertain that fact. Though deeply suffering (as it is called) myself, no

other shall suffer for me. I am at least clear with the world; and I have a diamond here, which will suffice for all my wants."

As may be supposed, Paterson eagerly placed all that he possessed at the disposal of his friend; but he did so very modestly; and Alvaro, though he was touched, smiled within himself, as he determinately rejected the poor pittance of a few thousand pounds. Just then, a stealthy knock at the door announced a lean, little, anxious-looking man, with whom, though he was eminent in the City, Alvaro was scarcely acquainted. He intimated that he had private business with the Don; and Paterson withdrew.

Master Wilson, as he was named, looked round him cautiously, as if about to divulge some dangerous secret; and then he addressed Alvaro very frankly, but with an air of respect that conciliated the proud Spaniard more than he was conscious of.

"I come," said the visitor, "on the part of the firm that I represent, to offer you the use of any sum within our power to dis-

pose of. The singular coincidence of casualties that must have deranged your calculations for the present, is not unknown to us; but your high name and unimpeachable honour are more than sufficient to set against such uncontrollable accidents. Your retirement would involve a great loss in every respect to our community; and it is, therefore, rather in the way of business than of accommodation, that we make this offer. I have only one stipulation to make—that if you honour us by accepting this proposal, the transaction may remain a secret.”

Alvaro had scarcely bowed out this gentleman, when another presented himself on the same errand. Several similar offers were made to him; some couched in the most delicate terms; some, perhaps as kindly meant, in a manner that made Alvaro feel more resentment than gratitude. But, on the whole, the broken merchant, who would have almost found a pleasure in experiencing Timon’s bitterness, was obliged to confess to himself that the

conduct of those whom he condemned collectively, was, individually, chivalrously generous and confiding. As it is not the business, however, but the man whom we are describing, we shall only say that Alvaro refused all assistance, and met his ruin with proud philosophy, and a sort of Oriental fatalism, which to Paterson appeared suicidal. In many such transactions time is everything. Even for this, Alvaro refused to ask, and his ruin was precipitated: his very house, and the ship he had arrived in, were ordered by him to be sold hastily; and he then, with a pleased sort of reluctance, consented to become the guest of his well-tried friend, at his lodgings in Cheapside.

Then came the true trial of Isobel's constancy. As long as her lover was proudly prosperous, romantic disinterestedness helped to strengthen her resolution. Now, what joy it would have been to share his poverty, and walk with him side by side in his narrow and obscure path, cheering

and brightening whatever toil he chose to submit to. These thoughts insensibly betrayed themselves in her look, and voice, and manner, and made his adversity far more delightful than successful ambition ever could have been to him.

But a new trial awaited the fallen merchant. One day, Paterson returned with a melancholy in his countenance that foreboded evil tidings. He had just received a claim from Carthagená for all the outstanding engagements of Alvaro there, which the confiscators of his property had refused to acknowledge. Alvaro had already almost reduced himself to destitution; and this new claim, being altogether one of honour, wounded him sorely. The next morning, however, he appeared with his usual proud, melancholy serenity; and the same day, the uttermost demand upon him was answered. His diamond ring, his mother's gift, an heir-loom of enormous value, was gone; but the brighter jewel of his honour was retained.

Alvaro now walked through the streets of London, unoccupied and uninterested. He was become one of the myriads who seem to haunt rather than to dwell among the scenes of their vanished prosperity. But he did not share in the broken-heartedness of his broken brethren. He found a deep interest in analyzing sensations which had hitherto been unintelligible to him. He almost luxuriated in the novelty of being a poor man : it gave an earnestness to life, or seemed to be capable of doing so. He began to feel that there might be a great pleasure in struggling upward ; and that wealth, after all, might be a real good, and well worth repossessing. He felt that he had only to exert himself, in order to attain that object.

But ever, as such thoughts arose in his mind, Alvaro found that Isobel was in some manner connected with them all. As long as his relation with her remained in suspense, he felt that he had no heart to enter upon a new career. Either happiness

or sorrow would nerve his mind ; doubt alone could paralyze his energies. He knew that Isobel loved him ; but he almost knew too, that she feared his belief, or unbelief, to the exclusion of all thought of uniting her fate to his. He was too generous himself, to suppose for a moment that his fallen fortunes could alter her sentiments with respect to him, and he at length resolved to try how far those sentiments extended.

“ You are looking very solemn this evening,” he said to Isobel ; “ dare I interpret your sadness still to apply in anywise to my case ? ”

“ Have we not seen enough to make us all thoughtful, both for ourselves and others, lately ? ” she replied. “ I often think of that dreadful crisis when your life appeared to hang but on a thread ; if you had fallen then, I sometimes ask myself, where would you be now ? ”

Alvaro smiled ; “ Trying to look down

on you from the nearest of yonder stars, perhaps."

"Alas! the things of this present unreal world of ours are too grave to jest at; do not mock at those of the awful world of truth beyond our ken. Surely, after the many escapes you have had, you must feel that you have been spared for a better purpose than to scoff?"

"But suppose, dear lady, that I *am* spared,' and spared, and that, unavailingly, after all: in what respect have I then to be grateful for opportunities that only add to my condemnation, according to your creed? It seems to be a mere evasion on the part of destiny, to appear to be very charitable, and yet make more sure of its vengeance after all?"

Isobel had stored up many excellent arguments in her own mind against this long-desired opportunity; but now that she was called upon to produce them, she mistrusted their efficacy. She began to

think that it might be well to ascertain what she was arguing against.

“ I will not ask you,” she said, “ have you any belief? for the veriest savages, as I hear, have never, in any part of the world, been found without *some* faith.”

“ I believe that there is a beneficent Being,” said Alvaro, “ else such as you could not exist; I believe also that there is a malevolent being, else *I* could not. But beyond this, I will confess, at the risk of giving you pain, that I have nothing that can be called a creed. I have sought in many dogmas some that would suit my soul (if I have a soul!), but I have found none. I believe in the historical part (that is to say, the Pentateuch,) of *our* Bible; but its poetry (that is to say, its prophecies) has never affected me in any other light. You will say that many wise men believe it. True. I have tried the Veda, the Shaster, the Zendavesta, the Koran, and other repositories of what is also believed by many millions; but they

were not believable to me—and trust me, belief is no voluntary act to a mind accustomed to reason. Your sacred book is very wonderful; but as for the new part of it, the priests who murdered my father, my mother, and my friend, justified themselves by its precepts; so I will have none of it.”

“But,” remonstrated Isobel, who began to warm in the controversy, “if a mere man who was virtuous, were calumniated by evil men, and his very words misconstrued, in order to serve their purposes;—would you attribute to him their evil deeds? I know you would not. Especially if he, foreseeing into how many unrighteous arguments his words might be perverted, showed forth in his own pure life an example of perfect charity and forbearance. What false Christians, then, are they who justify atrocities by teaching that “we may do evil that good may come!”

“Truly,” said Alvaro, “that is a strong point of yours, and may partly refute

my petulant objection. But as to the question of creed—it seems to me not to be a matter of argument, which is an exercise of the intellectual faculty ; but of sentiment, which is an emotion of the soul, such as any old bedridden beggar may enjoy as fully, or perhaps more so, than the profoundest rabbi, or mollah, or divine.”

Isobel acknowledged this, and considered it to be in accordance with what she held as most true. Alvaro dissented, and became impatient. At last he exclaimed,—

“Let us abandon this inconclusive discourse. All that can be said upon it argumentatively, has been advanced to me long ago by my dear friend, and partner (as I may *now* call him, I hope without offence.) Whatever can be said upon it otherwise, would come most persuasively from your lips ; but I should distrust any such feeling all the more, as whatever it might be, it would be equally irresistible. My ancestors

required forty years, they say, to be extricated from their wanderings in the wilderness: do not blame me, if I cannot reach at one bound from my desert unbelief into the asylum of faith that you would offer me; if I enter therein, it must be with free purpose, not like a wild duck into a decoy. And yet, methinks, in your company I could be led anywhere. Isobel—can *you* say as much? Isobel—will you be my fellow-pilgrim in this visible, and into the invisible world?"

Never comes temptation in so plausible a form as when resistance to it may be imputed to selfishness. Why should not Isobel join her fate to that of a man who might be lost for ever without her? If her *death* only were required, would not her Iphigenia sacrifice have been freely offered to speed him into the desired haven? Yet was she to shrink timidly from devoting her *life* to him, lest her faith and her religious safety might suffer from contact with his sceptic soul? She knew

that hitherto, in the absence of the true compass, she had been his guiding star; should she withdraw that feeble light, and leave such a gallant bark to all the dangerous chances of a dark and deceitful world?

A thousand such thoughts crowded into the poor girl's mind, as her blue eyes gleamed tearfully through their long dark lashes on the ground; and her bosom heaved with the strong struggles of her heart. How desolate that bosom, that fair white throne would be, if she did not yield to her own arguments! She felt the deep, searching, earnest gaze of Alvaro upon her; she well remembered what various expressions it had revealed to her before now—hope and lofty thought, and manly fortitude, and indomitable resolution; but always, over all, tenderness for and sympathy with her. What could make her hesitate?

There is sometimes, in the critical emergencies and doubts of our souls, a myste-

rious ringing in the ears of some unwelcome sentence; sounding there importunately and uncalled for, like the tolling of a distant funeral bell among merry marriage chimes. Even thus, her own words, "Do not evil that good may come," kept echoing in the mind of Isobel, and contradicting all her plausible convictions to the contrary. At last, she spoke from that unwilling text,—

"I will not, alas! I fear I need not, say what my human heart would at once reply. But I dare not yield to any earthly temptation the integrity of the faith I hold. I know too well that I could not share your being, without becoming imbued with your views. My soul would as naturally assume the hue of yours, as the sea does that of the skies above it. I would freely and joyfully give up my life, my worldly happiness, and all the nothing that I have, and that I am, to you;—but I have one higher, holier love and purpose that must not be set aside. If you shared in any way

that love or purpose, however imperfectly or falteringly, I would only too gladly and devotedly join my life and my weak efforts to yours; and we would try together to work out of our darkness into brighter day. But as long as you remain an open and confessed rebel to the power that I hold supreme,—to the hope that I cling to,—I dare not and cannot join with you.”

“Then Isobel, farewell!” said Alvaro, in a deep calm voice. “You have broken the only tie that held me to the world and the world’s conventionalities. I will not ask you to think of me when I am gone, for *that* might seem to you unduteous; but I will even ask you to pray for me, for then I know that I shall be remembered, without causing you any self-reproach. I will not upbraid you with your sternness: I have too much respect for even such a sense of duty as *I* can feel. I will rather thank you for the happy hours I have dreamed away under your influence; the remembrance of them will be my only cheer

through a life-long awaking from such dreams. Once more, farewell ! there is no passion in my words ; but they are very heartfelt ; a dreary calm seems to settle on my soul as I here solemnly bid adieu to my last, best hope."

That evening Alvaro informed Tinwald that he was about to abandon England, and had procured leave from the authorities to do so. This "leave of absence" was then required of all Englishmen, and Alvaro having been lately denizenized, came under its requirement. His friend learned his determination without surprise. He knew that by visiting Genoa and other places where he had had great investments, Alvaro could easily recover large sums of money ; and he was glad to observe in such a design a proof of returning energy, which he feared had been prostrated. But when the merchant added, that it was simply to travel he intended, Tinwald felt inclined to reason and remonstrate against such a romantic purpose.

He was deeply attached to the noble-hearted Moresco; and he thought that it was lamentable to waste his great talents and acquirements in a mere pilgrim's tour, associated as eastern travel was, in *his* mind, only with Romish practices. But Alvaro was fixed in his resolution, and Tinwald knew the firmness of his character too well to attempt to shake his purpose.

“It appears to be my destiny to wander,” said Alvaro. “Like my fabled ancestor, I have been driven from place to place, across the world, finding no rest; and, for the future, seeking none. Now that I have proved to the uttermost the emptiness of the life in which we live, I would fain behold the scenes of that which is past; and, if possible, glean from them some guide towards that which is to come. In the very cradle of my race, on the banks of Euphrates; in the land of their sojourn, where the people that oppressed them seem to have lain torpid ever since; by the waters of the Nile,

and the Jewish Rubicon, the Jordan, I shall wander for the years to come. If I obtain no other benefit, the dangers and the changing scenes and faces that will pass before me, may at least divert the weary objectlessness in which my spirit now, as it were, is drowned."

As he spoke thus, his friend began to think that it was a true instinct which had led him to embrace his new resolution. He was profoundly unhappy, and evidently disturbed in his mind by other matters beside disappointed love. His friend's orthodox reasonings had proved unavailing; unless, indeed, that their seed was germinating invisibly, and that this pilgrimage was the first tender blade appearing. A mind like that of Alvaro, could only by its own operation be successfully acted upon, as the diamond can only be polished by its own dust.

For all these reasons, Tinwald sadly and in silence submitted to the loss he was about to sustain in his gifted and generous

friend. Alvaro took his leave, but it was not until the following day that Tinwald knew it had been a final one.

Then, too, for the first time, Isobel learned that her infidel yet faithful lover was lost to her and to all the world beside. She grieved long and sadly, yet not bitterly ; for bitterness is only to be found in self-accusation. But as a widow, the poor maiden mourned for the loss of him whom she might have rendered happy merely by consulting her own happiness. She did not regret the part that she had chosen, but her sister's household was thenceforth never cheered by her merry laugh, or soothed by her pensive song. The silence and sadness of a desolate heart had settled down upon her.

CHAPTER II.

For he, who in one unremitting chain
Of solemn purpose, solders link to link
Of active day and meditative night,
And with unquivering heart and hand can meet
Ever distress, ever impediment,
And wring from out a world of checks and flaws
Some palpable and most perspicuous whole
Of realised design and change imprest,
Shall be enroll'd among heroic souls,
Though small the scope and slow the growth of deed.

MILNES.

YEARS have passed on, and Paterson has earnestly and happily been employed in what were duties to him. He laboured hard in his private vocation, and yet he still continued to struggle with the wayward world for power to advance its interests, its civilization, and its glory.

As, one by one, his projects were unfolded in frank simplicity, others, wiser in their generation, appropriated and narrowed them to selfish purposes. In his hands, his schemes would have hourly enlarged and brought all men into communion with them: in the hands of mere speculators not only the object, but the very name of the originator was lost. The Bank of England rose struggling through the obscurity in which mean men and base imputations had enveloped it. Paterson's had been the plan, but as the name of Amerigo was preferred by envious mediocrity to Columbus, so Paterson's great idea was attributed to others, who traded upon his thought, and whose agency only served to cramp its development and depreciate its credit.

This worthy philosopher, however, bore patiently the wrongs that were irremediable. He remonstrated, indeed, firmly and manfully, against injustice; but when he found there was no law that could protect

him he turned away, without one bitter word or angry thought, from 'Change Alley to the bright western hemisphere, where he had formed his first plans for converting the wilderness of Darien into a highway for the world.

There was one man in London, a Scotchman, who had been a faithful friend to him in all his adversities and disappointments. This was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a man of a speculative and somewhat impracticable turn of mind, but endowed with the highest sense of honour and the most inflexible integrity. It was well said of him, "that he would die to serve his country, but he would not do a base thing to save her." He was one of the representatives of Scotland, and had offered a strenuous opposition to the Romanizing views of James II. The tyranny of that most unkingly sovereign had driven him to exile in Holland; his estate had been confiscated, and he had taken arms under the Duke of Lorraine in Hungary.

When William III. restored the liberties of England, the exiled patriot returned to London. There he found some favour at court, although he was a zealous advocate for restraining the power of the monarchy; believing, as he said, that it is unsafe to trust the best of princes with a power which an evil successor may misuse. He repudiated all sectarian ties and service, whether religious or political; and presented in that age the rare example of a nobly independent upright man.

Fletcher of Saltoun was, in 1694, about forty years of age, small but symmetrical in stature, with a dark complexion and eyes full of the fire that burned steadily in his visionary soul. His aspect was ordinarily severe, but when touched by softer feelings it presented an expression of great sweetness and benignity.

One day when Paterson was sitting in his lodgings in Cheapside, surrounded by maps and papers, covered with abstruse calculations, Fletcher entered: with a

solemn but graceful reverence, he saluted his friend's wife and her pale melancholy cousin, and then took his seat by the side of his fellow-countryman, whose genius he alone then fully recognised.

“ Paterson,” he said, in his deep earnest tones, “ I come to you with advice of great moment. I understand from you that you are about to propose the colonization of the Isthmus of Darien to the English speculators, who are now all madly running after any scheme that may enable them to cheat and to be cheated. My friend, your project is worthy of better instruments and of better success than you are likely to find here. Have you forgotten that you owe a first filial duty to Scotland? Have you forgotten that our countrymen are the most earnest, skilful, and patient of all people,—therefore the best and worthiest to carry out your views? Moreover, have you not already had fatal experience of the jealousy that seeks to suppress every honour due to a Scot; and does not all

this teach you that in Edinburgh, and not in London, should be laid the foundation-stone of a plan that will give glory and prosperity to its undertaker ?”

The pale countenance of Paterson lighted up with pleasure at this testimony from one who had at first coldly received, and then taken a long time to consider of his plan.

“I waited only for such advice,” he replied, “to act upon it. But I would fain have had this scheme confined to no narrow limits ; I would that all nations could share in the honour and the interest of the undertaking. Experience, however, has taught me that the world is not yet sufficiently advanced in liberality and tolerance to permit success to a mere Company ; it must be sanctioned by the King. Spain will oppose us to the utmost ; England must defend us against that jealous power.”

Fletcher’s brow darkened as he replied, “And would you trust your plan, born of Scottish brains, and only to be carried out by Scottish hands and hearts, to the great

enemy of our country—the murderer of Glencoe—the suppressor of our commerce—the jealous foe of our nationality?”

“I would accept assistance, in a good cause, from the devil himself,” replied Paterson, “provided that by any mistake he undertook it. I understand that the king is by no means hostile to our project. I am surprised to hear you speak so harshly of a sovereign for whom you have done and suffered so much.”

“Hum!—yes; I have done and suffered somewhat for William of Nassau. I have been exiled for the best years of my life—have been deserted by my friends and ruined by my foes. But, my friend, even this king is only the better of two kingly evils. Nothing will do,—no authority, but that of the people, will ever justly govern the people. These kings govern not for the sake of the governed, but for the sake of themselves, or of some of their own family, or of some crotchet in their own minds, to which everything else must be

sacrificed. Stuart or Dutchman—there is but little difference : the master-thought of the one was papacy ; that of the other, was Holland and its accursed wars. *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. Democracy alone—a simple all-controlling and all-controlled democracy is the only form of government for freemen to live under.”

“ It is well enough,” replied Paterson. “ so far as declamation, to listen to, or in printed books to read ; but the actual, though subtle and mysterious realities of life, are not so easily to be dealt with ; especially in this greatest and most important question. The old form of kingship, best imitation of a patriarchal power, extended over patriarchs and their families in the infant stages of the social world : it remains, after all experience, best adapted to man, so long as his vices and consequent infirmities retain him in an infant state. Look at your greatest and wisest peoples, moved, like little children, by

a fit of passion ; breaking one moment the human toys that they delighted in but yesterday. Look at the De Witts, torn in pieces by the fat Dutch hands that dully clapped applause of every action of their statesmen a few hours before. No, my friend ! Your democracy, as some one said of it long ago, is as superior to monarchy as a sundial is to a clock ; but *the sun must always shine !* Whenever the period shall arrive which good men and wise have hoped to see ; when popular impulse, the character of youth, is merged in public opinion, the character of age ;—then welcome be democracy, universal suffrage, vote by ballot—all that the most unbounded desire can claim from unrestrained indulgence ! It is not the king, but the kingship that I would stand by, and with my last breath defend.”

“Be it so,” said Fletcher, waiving the subject, on which he did not think Paterson well qualified to speak ; “we will now only speak of politics as they affect your

plans. Away to Scotland with you, and there bring-out your project. Very jealousy will make these Southrons take an interest in it then ; they will hasten to rival our poor countrymen in their subscriptions ; and, having done so, will make an interest at court (which a Scotchman never could effect) for protection for the scheme."

Paterson at once yielded to the force of these arguments, even before he saw the eyes of his patient wife brighten at the thoughts of revisiting her native land. After some further discussion, Paterson left the room to keep an appointment, and to prosecute arrangements consequent on this new plan. Alice withdrew, as if by accident, at the same time, and Fletcher was left alone with her cousin.

Isobel was still beautiful, but long and anxious thought had given greater depth and some sadness to her eyes, and her cheek had become pale, as of those who keep long vigils. She had become almost ascetic in self-discipline. The natural ten-

dency of woman's heart is to love that to which it makes the greatest sacrifices. Hence even in human relationship, mothers love best the son ; wives, the husband, who has given them most cause for anxiety ; as if they were unconsciously grateful for the causes of that self-abnegation which so much and so often ennobles a woman : still more in the higher feelings — in matters relating to the soul. Isobel clung the more fondly and devoutly to the faith for whose sake she had flung away her earthly happiness. Had she been more favourably situated, she would probably (as so many have done before or since her poor heart had its trial) have betaken herself to works of mercy and charity, in order to occupy her excited mind. But, immured in the narrow precincts of her city home, she was obliged to turn inward for an occupation ; and, like the victims of convents, she sought, by physical privation, to deaden or divert her mental misery. In vain her sister affectionately sought to console her ;

she hugged her grief to her heart, and "would not be comforted." Alice, herself happy in her union with Paterson, thought that marriage would win her cousin from her romantic sorrow. She had long considered Alvaro as lost to Isobel, and had lately gladly observed the deep interest which Fletcher seemed to take in her cousin's society. To Alice, Alvaro was merely a handsome, generous, and accomplished man, the friend of her husband. He was gone, and there was an end of him, as she considered. No one, not even our nearest and dearest friend, ever exchanges his or her views of those we love for ours.

The imaginative but stern nature of Fletcher felt a strong sympathy with his fair countrywoman's character. The nature of her trial was well known to him, and while he almost deplored her constancy, he loved her the better for it. He, too, was a lonely, sorrow-stricken man. Might not two such negatives make an affirmative? He had often hinted this question to Isobel,

but his purpose seemed so incomprehensible to her, that hints were of no avail. He now determined to speak boldly. Alice had probably divined his intention, and therefore she had afforded him the opportunity he sought. He was alone with the maiden widow.

After a long pause, he observed to her that she did not seem pleased with the thought of leaving London. She replied, that "all places were the same to her, except for one reason; she heard more news in London, and that amused her." In fact, she was like those who have lost dear relatives at sea, and who love to soothe their sorrow by sitting on the shore and watching the waves as they come and go; in some dreamy expectation that somehow they may bring tidings of those who have gone down among their fellows. Such was the news that Isobel watched for by the ebb and flow of life's great stream in London.

"Why, then should she not remain in

London, and make happy the home of a faithful, loving friend?" asked Fletcher, with an almost faltering voice. Isobel looked up in surprise, and only read the meaning of the question in his ardent eyes. She replied with a grave, sorrowful, reproachful look, and left him alone to his own reflections.

That same evening, he set out for Edinburgh, where he explained the Darien project to Lord Stair with such eloquence and force, that Paterson was welcomed by the Scottish minister immediately on his arrival; and the fame of him was rapidly diffused over the fair city of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER III.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?

No—but you've heard;—I understand. Be dumb,
And don't regret the time you may have lost;

For you have got that pleasure yet to come. * *

I say I do believe a haunted spot

Exists

BYRON.

THE maternal kin of Alice Paterson began to relax in their indignation towards her dead mother, as soon as her marriage to the Laird of Tinwald became known. But when her husband became famous, their forgiveness of the orphan assumed the warm hues of affection. Isobel, too, became an object of interest, and of several addresses from kinsfolk, whose names she scarcely knew. She felt more indifferent

on this subject, because she thought that she would soon be beyond the reach of earthly ties, and she looked forward to that time with almost unmingled pleasure. As soon, however, as she found herself with Alice, once more at sea on their way to Edinburgh, her health and strength revived, and she began even to cherish some faint earthly hopes.

No sooner was Paterson landed in Scotland, than his countrymen of all ranks began to crowd about him, eager to offer (and accept) any service. Among them came the Laird of Torwoodlee, to claim kinship with Dame Paterson and her bonnie cousin. In one of the many vicissitudes that befall ancient families, he had become involved in considerable difficulties; and he hoped in the golden scheme of Darien to profit by the relationship with Alice, which he had formerly ignored. With him, came his son,—a frank, kind-hearted, manly lad, whose highest ambition was to join the expedition that already

filled the minds of all Scotland with vague, unbounded hope. The father and son, on finding that nothing could be done in this matter immediately, returned home, accompanied by Isobel, who longed once more to see the hills of the "Forestshire," and to hear Tweed's waters flow.

As she rode along the wild and picturesque banks of Gala Water, accompanied by young Torwoodlee, she listened with delight to the legends that linger round that haunted stream. As her blue eyes were fixed in deep interest on the narrator, he soon began to feel their subtle though unconscious power. The romantic adventures she had undergone; the pensive sorrow that seemed to have had its source in regions far away; her singular beauty and sweet mellow voice soon penetrated the young Scot's warm heart. Gradually he prevailed on her to speak of the distant lands that she had seen; and, as they were brightly pictured to him in her words, he longed still more for the hour that should

find him on his ocean way thither, in search of the wealth and fame that might render him less diffident in such a presence as that of Isobel.

When at length the travellers crossed the winding Gala for the last time, and turned into the fair woodlands of Torwoodlee, Isobel with a smile, hoped that all the spirit-world was not left behind on the mountain; and that she should find some at the antique house that now appeared in view. The old laird turned away his head, affecting not to hear her; and soon afterwards pushed on his horse, as he said, to announce her coming.

“My father,” said the young laird, “does na like to spak’ o’ sic things; the last he saw o’ my puir brother was his wraith, moving along just there, beneath the trees that shade the bowlin’ green.”

Isobel shuddered, as if she had invoked a spirit which had suddenly appeared; but her companion continued his story in a low sad voice.

‘My puir brother, only a year older than me, went to sea twa year ago; and when he was expectit back, my father filled the auld house wi’ kinsfolk to gie him welcome. One evening (it was as fine and calm as it is now), after supper, my father was goin’ to his ain room, (the window is up there, overlooking us,) when he thought he heard the sound of a horse’s feet. He looked out, and saw a tall white flame running alang where we are riding now, and it crossed yon bowling green, and disappeared under my father’s window. He didna like to tell o’t, and he went down-stairs and out upon the green, and there he saw the same apparition; and it seemed to come frae the far end o’ the avenue, and run up to him all at once, and hover round his feet, and then it disappeared. Again, when he was going to bed, my father kneeled down as usual to pray for his absent son; and once mair he saw that white light rinnin’ alang, and it came

hoverin' in through the window and disappeared on the hearthstane, and then my father kenned that his poor son was dead : soon afterwards came up upon the night air the storm that had wrecked my brother far awa', and its fury will be long remembered both on land and sea."*

The young laird repeated this tale with an air of perfect reliance on its truth, and Isobel soon learned that she was entering a house in which supernatural agencies were almost too common to be remarked upon. But in the kind welcome which she received at Torwoodlee, and in the deep but indefinable delight of returning health, she soon forgot all her fears. She soon learned to occupy herself by taking a share in the household concerns, which still further tended to

* This legend may now be heard from the lips of a remarkable old woman, who is a sort of hereditary fixture to the ruins of the old house in which her father and grandfather (who heard this tale from the old laird himself) lived before her. There are some picturesque remains of this old house, once famed for hospitality, —a character which suffers no diminution in the new house, under the auspices of its present possessor.

restore her natural cheerfulness. Young Torwoodlee was daily more attracted towards her; but he felt, like the mariner in the fairy tale, as if he were always approaching the island which he could never reach.

For time, as it stole on, obliterated no single recollection of Alvaro from her mind. She followed him in imagination not only on the sea, over the desert, through strange minaretted cities; but in the arguments that she thought he held with his own heart. And thus, being daily in his company, as it were, she did not feel that he was so *very* distant. She would scarcely have been surprised to see him at any time; though she sometimes shuddered as she looked along the shadowy avenue, and thought of the pale flame that so recently was seen to move along it, as if upon a solemn mission from the other world.

Paterson had now been for some time settled in Edinburgh; and his project had

been published and dilated upon, with all the eloquence of an ardent imagination, inspired by a lofty purpose.

It was an age of speculation and daring enterprise. A commercial spirit was just then beginning to stir in Scotland. Men's minds were groping about among dark theories for something palpable; and they seized upon the magnificent scheme of Paterson with avidity. His modest lodging became at once the centre of attraction. From the earliest dawn till midnight, men of all creeds, politics, and ranks of life besieged his room, where, surrounded by maps and plans, the earnest speculator imparted and distributed his own hopes to all; and expatiated on their foundation until they expanded into conviction in his hearers' hearts. The wilderness of Darien became as familiar to the Scottish imagination as the Lothians. The produce,—natural and possible, of the far-off American soil, its trees, its hills, its mines, its waters,—were the common and con-

stant theme of discussion. Old puritanical ministers, young scapegraces of dissipation, sages, subtle politicians, and even women, were alike possessed with the same subject. The very gaberlunzie could tell that "Darien lies between the golden regions of Mexico and Peru; it is within six weeks' sail of Europe, India, and China: it is in the heart of the West Indies, close to the rising colonies of North America. The expense and danger of navigation to Japan, the Spice Islands, and all the Eastern world, will be lessened one-half, the consumption of European commodities and manufactures will soon be doubled. Trade will increase trade; money will beget money; and the trading world will need no more to want work for its hands, but hands for its work."

Thus the whole mass of society became suddenly leavened with the leaven of one active and imaginative mind. To eager listeners, Paterson would describe what he

himself had heard and seen; and his words, repeated, grew into such shape as follows, most of which may still be read in the old pamphlets of that day :

“ Darien possesseth great tracts of country as yet unclaimed by any European. The Indians, original proprietors of the soil, will welcome to their fertile shores the honest honourable settler. Their soil is rich to a fault, producing spontaneously the most delicious fruits, and requiring the hand of labour to chasten rather than to stimulate its capabilities. There, crystal rivers sparkle over sands of gold; there, the traveller may wander for days under a natural canopy formed by the fruit-laden branches of trees, whose wood is of inestimable value. The very waters abound in wealth. Innumerable shoals of fish disport themselves among coral rocks, and the bottom of the sea is strewn with pearls. From the first dawn of creation, this enchanted land had lain secluded from mortal eyes; to the present generation, to

Scottish enterprise it was now revealed. Let us enter and take possession of the promised land. There, a new city, a new Edinburgh, shall arise; the Alexandria of old, which, seated on a barren Isthmus grew suddenly into prodigious wealth and power by the mere commerce of Arabia and Ind, shall soon yield in fame to the new emporium of the world."

Such were the rumours that spread abroad rapidly among the people of Scotland. Wafer, the great traveller, and a disinterested authority, gave them his support. Nor was the enthusiasm bounded by the Tweed. The glories of the future colonies were soon familiar in the mouths and ears of England. London speedily caught up the infection. Even the cold and cautious ear of William the Third was won by the great scheme, and in an evil hour for Scotland he gave it his assent.

Paterson then passed on to Hamburgh, in whose great mart, and among whose friendly citizens his first ideas of com-

merce had expanded. Hamburgh caught the flame of his enthusiasm. In a few days the projector was so overwhelmed with applications for shares that he was fain to return to Edinburgh, lest his own country should be supplanted by foreign capitalists. Fame and fortune rolled in upon him with a sudden tide, like that of his own Solway. He had already conjured up by his own words sufficient wealth and forces to carry out his schemes upon the grandest scale. His name was in every mouth ; his slightest expressions were quoted as oracles. The Scottish Parliament was assembled to consider, and of course to approve, his scheme.

Then it was that he gave the noble instance of disinterestedness which alone might immortalize his name. In the original project, he had claimed the modest remuneration of two per cent on such money as should be subscribed ; and this was in consideration of the great outlay of capital as well as devotion of his time,

which maturing the project had required. He now made a simple and unconditional release of all his claims upon the fund.*

So far, all went well. The subscription lists were full and closed. Scotland had contributed £400,000, half of all the circulating capital in the country; England added £300,000, Hamburgh and Holland made up £200,000 more. With this vast sum, considering the time, Paterson and his associates went to work with energy; drawing freely on their supposed capital for the equipment of the first expedition on a scale commensurate with its importance. Its proposed magnitude surprised

* "It was not suspicion," thus his renunciation runs, "of the justice or gratitude of the company; nor a consciousness that my services could ever become useless to them, but the ingratitude of some individuals, which made it common prudence on my part to ask a retribution for six years' time and ten thousand pounds spent in establishing the company. But now I see it standing on the authority of Parliament, and supported by so many great and good men, I release all claim to that retribution;—happy in the noble concession made to me, but happier in the return I can now make for it."

even the London merchants. A panic suddenly seized the East India Company.* They remonstrated by petition to the king. The English parliament then met, and the Darien scheme was too popular a subject not to be made a matter of eager debate. The feeling of the parliament was hostile. It even impeached some of its members for joining in a scheme "so injurious to English commerce." The king saw fit to yield to the altered tone of public feeling: he actually made a sort of apology for the encouragement he had bestowed upon the scheme: he confessed "that he had been ill-advised in Scotland," and he at once revoked all his favourable dispositions toward the company. The English subscriptions were withdrawn, and under a threat of England's displeasure, Hamburgh and Holland, after some squabbling (and

* The East Indies (to be traded with from the opposite side of the Isthmus) had been unhappily inserted in the charter to Paterson's company, as being within the limits of their power to trade; and, in order to give themselves as wide a scope as possible, "Africa" had been also added.

deprecating any fear of England as their motive for doing so), likewise withdrew.

Scotland was then left to conduct her enterprise single-handed, only guarded by such privileges to the company as the king had not ventured to retract. Far more merciful would it have been to have suppressed it utterly; than first have allowed the expedition to take place, and then cruelly have consigned its volunteers to destruction!

But in the same proportion that the English resources and prospects with respect to the Darien scheme were failing, the hopes and enthusiasm of the Scots grew strong. It was evident that the jealousy and the fears of great England were aroused: what more certain than that there was cause for their envy? The ministers, always a weighty and influential body in the north, preached on the falling off; and compared it to the recreancy of the Israelites, who lingered and hung

back to lap the stream, while Joshua pressed forward with his true conquerors.

Among the first who were attracted by the glare of this new project was John Law, of whom we have obtained a glimpse in the earlier pages of this history. His name was now well known in most of the capitals of Europe as a most daring and successful gambler ; — a profession not then branded with the infamy which in later days has consigned to it the rank next to robbery. Gaming was almost universally practised by all classes of life : monarchs set the example ; and there was even a court-mourning game—picquet—which might be played in the chambers of death without decorum,—at least such decorum as was practised at the court of Louis XV. Ombre, basset, and faro were looked upon as so many drawing-room sciences, in which it was necessary for every aspirant to society to have taken his degree. Gaming was as full of adventure indirectly as of pecu-

niary vicissitudes. Dangerous assistance rendered at a critical moment; trust bestowed with a liberal confidence; the bitterest sacrifices submitted to, in order to save credit; hasty words answered at the point of the sword; imputed stains washed out in blood. The "Board of Green Cloth" was an arena for all the passions to expatiate in; it conferred its own peculiar fame; it had its own Napoleons, Machiavellis, and Thurtells; all casualties, and all human results might be found there—except peace and honour.

John Law was the Napoleon of the gambling world. His fortune never finally forsook him until it had culminated in the Mississippi scheme, and brought princes and their minions to his feet. He had had his temporary reverses in the early part of his career, however; and had sold his patrimony of Lauriston on his father's death; but his mother had contrived to purchase it, and kept it in the family; even while, with the proceeds of

its sale, Law was amassing a considerable fortune.

Paterson's scheme of the Bank of England had turned in that direction the attention of his enterprising young kinsman, who, amidst all his dissipations, had found time to study deeply financial mysteries at Paris and Amsterdam. The Darien scheme, too, riveted his attention, though he happened to be at that time in exile for the death of a "friend" named Wilson; whom he had unintentionally killed in a duel in Lincoln's-inn Fields.

During Paterson's visit to Hamburgh, Law assisted in spreading his doctrines; but when England withdrew from the undertaking he seems also to have abandoned it. He gave credit to the foresight of the cold, clear-headed monarch. He saw that unless William was prepared to enter on a war with Spain, he could not countenance a trespass on a country to which she advanced a claim, however ridiculous in its foundation. Therefore,

while Law cursed for his country's and his friend's sake, the permission at first freely given to the Darien scheme, and then cruelly withdrawn,—he thought he saw in that withdrawal a proof of the king's future policy towards Spain; and he contented himself with speculating on the result of that policy. In Edinburgh his secession was contemptuously spoken of: “What did it signify,” they said, “on what side ‘Jessamy John’ staked his card?” But those who had observed John's depth of penetration argued differently.

The hope and faith of the Scottish people soared all the higher for the desertion of their allies. The preparations for the expedition were pressed forward. Diminished by more than half, as were their resources, the equipment lost nothing of its pretensions. The consequence was, that five ships sailed with a stinted and miserable provision, scarcely sufficient to have carried them in comfort on a cruising voyage among Christian lands; much less

across the wide Atlantic, through hostile regions, along savage shores.

But the hopes of Paterson and the enthusiasm of his followers were not to be depressed. The chivalry of Scotland was aroused, and hundreds of men of high family exchanged all their prospects in their own country for the golden hopes of America, with all its doubts and dangers. The chief difficulty experienced by the company was the selection from such a number of volunteers ; unfortunately, in many instances, interest prevailed, and obtained the promotion of some undisciplined scapegrace, to the exclusion of the hard-working, earnest man, who might have done far better service. The same fault pervaded other departments of the expedition. The great mind of Paterson could not inspire all the council to whom the affair was confided with his own single-heartedness and integrity. Almost every one of its members sought to make a profit out of his office. The

ships themselves, the provisions, the arms, everything that was bought with a price, were all contracted for in a manner which enriched the patrons, but was rued by many a brave emigrant doomed to perish in their service.

In all immature and half-civilized communities there is a strong tendency to job; and at the prospect of this great opportunity, the Scots rushed on its perquisites like vultures on a prey,—like them, to batten on corruption. Some wanted to provide for themselves, others for a relation, or to get him out of the way. Many a one, on his own account, wished to leave Scotland, and sought only a free passage from a dangerous home. Hence the members of the expedition were as ill-fitted for their purpose as the ships themselves.

The difficulty of collecting the subscriptions was great, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the subscribers. It was a period of severe scarcity, moreover, and

provisions were enormously dear : hence the temptation to adulterate them was greater than usual, and it was extensively done. Scotland was dishonoured by the promoters of her first and last attempt to found a colony ; William III. did not do more to cause the ruin of the expedition than these earnest, yet dishonourable men.

At length the Expedition was pronounced ready to set sail. The rotten ships, gaily painted and bedecked with flaunting flags, were filled with rotten provisions, most carefully made up, in order to conceal the imposture. Certain bales of goods and merchandise, also of a very inferior description, were placed in the ships, in order to traffic with the natives of the Land of Promise, as well as with the Christian inhabitants of the West Indian Islands, for provisions. With these goods invoices were sent, fixing exorbitant value upon every article.

To crown all, these ill-fated ships were commanded by coarse, brutal, and ignorant

captains, jealous of, and hostile to one another. The "Council" which accompanied them had no superior, no decisive authority. There was no chief, and every one aspired to command; the ingenuity of man could not have devised a plan more evidently anarchical. Paterson had been allowed no voice in any of the proposed arrangements: through jealousy, he had not even been named as one of the Council. He entered his ship as ignorant of her equipment as any seaman on board. He proposed, indeed, even then, to hold an inspection of the stores before the ships weighed anchor, but this was angrily forbidden, for reasons which are not difficult to divine.

At Torwoodlee, as in many other houses throughout Scotland, the preparations for the expedition were watched with all-absorbing interest. At length young Pringle received notice, that the ships were to sail in a few days, and he prepared to join them. His father, (so great was

the enthusiasm about the cause,) did not remonstrate against his purpose. Hope, amounting almost to certainty, filled every heart in Scotland; even patriotism lent its countenance to a scheme that was to bestow sudden greatness on the country that gave it birth. The young laird would, therefore, have left his home with a light heart if he could have obtained any hope from Isobel of the dearest future reward that he ever dreamed of. But this he could not even ask for; his fair kinswoman was too ill to see him. At the very time when she was most anxious to repair to Edinburgh to join Alice, she had been seized with sickness, which threatened her very existence until long after the Expedition had set sail.

It was a satisfaction to young Torwoodlee, however, to find himself destined to sail in the same ship with Alice, and he attached himself to Paterson with a fidelity that remained unshaken to the last.

There was one other person in the whole expedition upon whom Paterson could entirely rely. His faithful wife was with him; still hopeful, gentle, uncomplaining, fearless. She entirely believed in her husband's mission; and, with many other enthusiasts, considered that it little signified how imperfect were the preparations,—so certain and so speedy must be the success of the expedition. One only sorrow or regret was weighing on her mind, that of separating, under such circumstances, from Isobel, who would fain have been allowed to embark with the rest, even if she was to breathe her last sighs among the emigrants. But the chiefs were very scrupulous in every matter out of which no profit could be made; and they would not admit one sickly person to the ships.

Young Torwoodlee was accompanied to the sea-shore by his father, who almost envied the youth his honourable hope of being able to win from the wildernesses of

the west, sufficient wealth to redeem the acres of Torwoodlee from the burdens of debt that weighed them down.

There were not a few such aspirants about to sail in those fated ships; no less than three hundred, it is said, of the best blood in Scotland were among the emigrants. With them, went many of their servants and husbandmen; determined, with clansman loyalty, to follow the fortunes of their young masters for good or ill, whithersoever they might lead. These poor fellows also left behind them all their household ties, —for the heart of Scotland, high and low, went with the Darien Expedition.

CHAPTER IV.

The distant coronach I hear,
And a moan across the wave;
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

LONDON.

THE 26th of July, 1698, was a memorable day for Scotland. The morning dawned brightly; the sea and sky smiled under the sunshine; soft breezes spread the banner of St. Andrew wide; and the various flags of the Darien ships fluttered seaward, as if impatiently.

Who can describe the conflict of solemn hopes and mysterious fears that filled the hearts of the assembled multitude — the parents, brothers, sisters, lovers, who dark-

ened the Scottish shore,—who gathered round the gallant band about to embark on an expedition as full of danger as of glory!

There is no departure so impressive as that by sea. Those whose hands we have but now grasped fervently in ours,—those whose last faltering words are still in our ear,—are now with us—now fading away in distance; gradually becoming invisible—absorbed into the sea and sky—gone, like those who die; except that even the very form we have long loved for the sake of the spirit within, is likewise gone.

The hour of embarkation is now arrived. There is everywhere a stir and restlessness throughout the Darien fleet, their crews, their friends; the very waves seem to sympathize in the agitation, tossing up their bitter spray against those who crowd to the water's edge; the breezes sigh through the shrouds of the ships like airy voices, summoning them away.

At length the last farewells are spoken. Paterson is the first to enter the first

boat; then, as each name is called, his comrades leap from their native shore on board, with a brave air. The guards are busy in keeping off the crowds who seek to share the fate of the expedition; hundreds of rejected soldiers and sailors cling to the hope that at last they yet may be taken. Now the last boat shoves off, with a hearty cheer, broken by sobs, and prayers uttered aloud, which man as well as God may hear. Then the separation is complete. Though the ships are near the shore, and the forms of those on board may be perceived, none can be distinctly traced: if one waves a handkerchief, a thousand tear-fraught eyes hail it as a parting signal from their own Johnnie or their dear Sandy. The sailors now cluster on the yards and rigging. The sails are spread. The wild but solemn strains, with which seamen chime to the tramp around the capstan as they heave the anchor, peals along the waves. The ships turn slowly from the shore; they recede into the Frith. Slowly they

pass away into the open sea beyond ; and not until the last speck that betokened a ship full of friends and hopes and fears had vanished, did the anxious crowd retire from the shore.

A sleepless night is said to have followed that trying day in Edinburgh ; and it was only by degrees that the people subsided from the excitement of the departing expedition into their ordinary labours of head and hand. Still more slowly did this wide gap—the aching void left in so many families—begin to close. Mothers yearned for their sons, maidens for their lovers ; fathers and brothers mourned, too, after their fashion ; but the earnest business of life brushed aside from them the sorrow that preyed upon her who could only knit or spin or sew. Autumn was now come, and harvest approached, with all its cares ; and the foliage faded, or rather brightened, into varied hues : many a free step was missed that August upon the heather, where the muir-fowl crowed in security, since the

young laird or chieftain was “over the hills and far awa.”

The Manor-house of Torwoodlee seemed very lonely then. Its young chieftain had been its pride, and hope, and very life : the father knew not, until his son was fairly gone, how much of his heart had gone away with him. Isobel, as she slowly recovered from her illness, could

“ See the white sorrow steal over his hair : ” *

but the laird was always kind to his guest, for the love that his beloved son had borne her, as well as for his own.

Meanwhile the ships pursued their course towards Darien with favouring gales. The spirits of the emigrants rose as they advanced. Paterson continued to discourse with his singular eloquence on the glorious prospects that awaited them. There were hopes for every one. The highlanders listened with delight to the accounts of Spa-

* This expression occurs in an Irish poem said to be a thousand years old : it was translated in the able “ Dublin University Magazine.”

nish settlements which might prove hostile; and thus might afford excuse for gallant raids in which golden booty might be “lifted,” instead of the lean cattle that formed the spoil of Gaelic forays. Missionaries heard of docile Indians, who hated Papistry because their Spanish oppressors held that faith. Husbandmen dwelt with delight on the subject of the soil; the rich, deep virgin loam that gave double harvests in each year, without manure; of the prickly pine-apple hedges, that were to yield delicious fruits, as well as form impassable hedges. The young sportsmen longed for the forest, where they could pursue the peccary and tapir under the shade of wide-branching trees, beneath whose high arcades horses could gallop for miles without an obstacle; and of the deep streams swarming with large fish, as well as the turtle and sea-cow, which abounded in the estuaries. The more daring and aspiring rejoiced in the stories of the Buccaneers,—in the romantic accounts of banks of pearl-oysters, guarded

by the demoniac cat-fish and the cruel remora. The avaricious dreamed of the bright rivers with golden sands,—of the emeralds and sapphires; and of the mysterious island beyond the Isthmus, where gold lay massed in lumps within the rocks, and in flakes without; and whose marvellous wealth had been hitherto preserved by the fierce serpents and other reptiles that abounded in its dense jungle. All these trifling obstacles would soon give way before Scottish ardour, and bill-hooks, and flames!

Time passed full swiftly in the indulgence of such visions; and when the ships entered into the latitude of the trade-winds, and sped along with unchanging sails for week after week, the sailors became joyous and frolicsome in their idleness. Thus, in high hope and spirits, the adventurers traversed the Atlantic with favouring breezes; and on the 30th of October they came in sight of the New World. A wide and vague extent of islands, and bold cliffs, and

swampy shores, was there; along these the mariners groped their way cautiously, until, on the 1st of November, they came in sight of the long-desired Golden Island. Gloriously beautiful it seemed to the longing eyes of the emigrants; with its rich foliage and graceful undulations of bright green sward; and lofty trees bending over the calm crystalline sea, in which their abounding fruit and plummy foliage was reflected. The isle was only three miles in circumference; but it stood forth like a beautiful specimen of the vast regions that lay beyond. All that was visible seemed as fair; the same wild luxuriance of vegetation; the same promise of fertility; the same loveliness of feature, to which the distant mountains gave deeper interest in Scottish eyes.

When "Land!" had first been announced, a triumphant shout hailed the scene of their future destiny. Paterson heard in that cheering sound the voice of a far different destiny from that which his companions pictured to themselves

Before him, at the mouth of the harbour, lay the Golden Island; within, among the forests, gleamed the Golden River; high up, in the mountains, his eye could trace where lay the Golden Mines of Cana. But it was not of gold he then thought—far nobler visions occupied his mind. No greater idea than his had been formed since the time of Columbus:—the connection of the two great oceans; the abolition of distance and of danger; the saving of time—so important to man, whose schemes are so far extended and whose life is so short!

On that lonely and neglected shore his imagination pictured the cities of a great colony; founded as never colony before was founded, on principles of perfect freedom of religion and of trade. “This union of the two great oceans, this door of the seas and key of the universe,” as the projector described it, “was to form a nucleus for a new system of beneficent wealth and benignant power.”

At that moment, with twelve hundred well armed and able men the empire of Spain in America might have been overthrown. All the lands that she had devastated, from the north of Mexico to the south of Chili, might have been won for Scotland. But Paterson had no such views. His great object was, by respecting all existing rights, to render those of his own colony respected. He calculated, from previous knowledge of the Indians, on finding them friendly to his cause; and he believed that the weakness of the Spaniards would at least insure their neutrality.

And now behold the little fleet of Scottish ships entering the fine harbour of Acta, slowly and cautiously. The entrance is not only narrow, but guarded by diagonal shelves of rocks, between which you can alone steer in safety. Thus, vessels entering this harbour appear as if they were sailing for the opposite shore; or as if, even with a leading wind, they were tacking to their destination. Once within the

harbour's mouth, however, the basin is all that a seaman can desire : almost landlocked, and of capacity to hold five hundred ships ; deep sand at bottom, and the water so clear, that five fathom deep you can see the shells and coral fragments as through the purest glass. A wide bay, fringed with a yellow shore, which seemed to the eager eyes of the emigrants like golden sands, spread round. Mangroves drooped into the water in many places, and were laden with oysters as with fruit. Above this leafy shore, arose stately and graceful trees, opening at intervals in pleasant glades ; then hills succeeded, bounded by mountains, whence flowed many streams, flashing in cascades among the rocks, or gleaming in tranquil rivers along the plain.

But the Golden Island, where the emigrants first disembarked, lies at the entrance of that Bay. Landed thereon, they clambered up to the highest point upon the island, and followed with delighted eyes the finger of Paterson, as he pointed out the

various beauties of the promised land. Every spot visible on the wild horizon was full of interest to them. Each bay might yet shelter friendly fleets ; each tuft of palm-trees might shade an adventurer's future home ; each bold promontory might support a fortress on which their dear country's flag should wave !

Amid the distraction caused by so many objects and so many thoughts presented at once to the imagination, it was some time before they settled on the spot which Paterson proudly pointed out, as if destined by nature for their future city. About a cannon shot to the southward, a peninsula, with a deep harbour at its extremity, ran out into the sea. The outer arm of the harbour was lofty and commanding, affording not only shelter but shade, to the water within. The other arm of the harbour was low, and as well fitted for artificial defence as the opposite part was formidable by nature. But within these defences and their protected harbour, lay a wide, calm,

sheltered bay, capable of containing all the fleets of Europe. From its western shore two fine rivers discharged themselves into the bay ; and rich savannahs, and orange and palm-tree groves bordered the seaboard round.

CHAPTER V.

City ! whose name should have adorn'd the world !
Thou mightst have been all I ever dream'd,
In form, and feature, and material strength :
The ingenious boldness, the creative will,—
Which from some weak uncertain plots of sand,
Cast up among the waters, could erect
Foundations firm as on the central ground,—
The art which changed thy huts to palaces,
And bade the God of Ocean's temples rise
Conspicuous far above the crystal plain,—
The ever-active nerve of Industry
That bound the Orient to the Occident.

(Altered from) MILNES.

THE adventurers' ships had cast anchor,
and now lay at rest in the magnificent
harbour which Paterson had long destined
to receive them,—forerunners, as he hoped,
of the commercial navies of all nations.
And had it not been for England's fatal

jealousy, and her king's unworthy prejudice, there is little doubt that a city would there have been founded, to which all the commercial capitals of the world must finally have yielded precedence.

But it must be owned that there was one other obstacle to success,—the modesty of the great contriver of the scheme. Though Paterson had intellect to devise the gigantic plan of settlement, and benevolence to render it a blessing; he wanted the bold nature and iron will which enabled a Cortez and a Pizarro to control their own followers, and to found an empire. There was no recognized leader in the expedition. He who devised had not sufficient wise injustice to claim it; and in the absence of a lawful supreme authority, an anarch hydra arose to destroy it.

At first, however, all promised well. The colonists, in ignorance of their new home, bowed in everything to the authority of him who alone was at home there.

By his direction the ships took up their station opposite to the little peninsula that was to sustain the fort of St. Andrew. It was evening when their anchors dropt, and they rested after their long voyage; yet few on board knew sleep that night. Busy thoughts and glowing anticipations kept every one awake; and by the first dawn all the boats were crowded and pulling swiftly towards the long-sought-for shore. Paterson was the first to land. He knelt and offered up a fervent thanksgiving for the safety and hope that had been vouchsafed to him and his companions. Each Scotsman, as he landed, likewise knelt, and the whole expedition soon formed one great congregation on that unsheltered shore. Their spontaneous prayer being ended, they rose and embraced one another in the impulse of mutual congratulation. They looked round on the magnificent country they had come to claim, and they could scarcely believe their happiness.

It was in the very spring-time of that climate. A genial sunshine poured its glory on the stately forests, the green valleys, and the crystal waters that surrounded them. Sweet balmy odours floated on the breeze, the woods resounded with the melody of brilliant birds.

By universal consent, the emigrants made holiday after landing. They hunted the wild-boar; they fished in the abounding streams and swarming seas; they explored the woods, where almost every bough was bending with fruit; and in the soft calm evenings they would climb to the summit of a lofty hill, that looked far out upon the sea, with all its wooded islands; there, they would gaze long and earnestly towards their far-distant home; and with mute lips, but sympathising eyes, communicate each to the other, pleasant yet mournful thoughts of Scotland.

At length the holiday, as if by general

consent, was ended, and the emigrants set themselves resolutely to work. The peninsula was first fortified, and sixty guns, brought from the ships, were mounted on the infant battlements. They then, with manful labour cut a canal across the little isthmus, and rendered their peninsula an island. The heart and thought of home were in all they did. The new fort was called St. Andrew's, and the surrounding region that it was to defend received the name of Caledonia. Huts were hastily built of precious woods, that were there mere lumber; woods, that by European skill, produce rich dyes, or drugs, or shine polished, as the chief ornament of palaces.

While thus employed, the settlers were, of course, unable to attend to the cultivation of the land. But this gave them little concern, for the ships were supposed to contain provision for many months to come; supplies were expected soon to follow them from Edinburgh, and at all events

the West Indian Islands abounded in all that men could desire for food.

While his companions were employed in fortifying the island and erecting huts, Paterson undertook a journey into the interior, in order to make treaties with the natives, and to obtain from them a righteous title to the land upon which the hope of Scotland hung. He considered himself an invader until he had obtained a sanction for his settlement from those natives whom the Spaniards considered worthy only of slavery or death.*

Even with those Spaniards he desired, if possible, to have peace and a good understanding. Deputies from the little colony

* In 1509, Ferdinand gave to Ojeda all America, from Cape Vela to the Gulf of Darien; to Niguessa all the space thence to Cape Gracias à Dios. These exclusive proprietors were to inform the natives of the tenets of Christianity; and to explain to them that the Pope had bestowed all Indians on the King of Spain: if they proved *rebellious*, they were to be slain or enslaved. But the Indians of the Isthmus did not consent to this arrangement. They showed fight, and their poisoned arrows and climate soon drove the remnant of the Spaniards (unable to return to San Domingo) to Santa Maria, where they fortified themselves.

were sent to the nearest Spanish settlements to ask for welcome; to declare that the Scots offered free liberty of conscience and free liberty of traffic to all mankind within their settlements; that they would injure no man, and invade no nation's rights.

When these deputies had departed, Paterson, with two others, set out to seek the savage king of Darien, who lived among the hills, two days' journey from St. Andrew's. A few Indians, already conciliated by the gentle Scot, served as guides, and carried the presents of beads and cutlery intended for the royal savage.*

Alice was left behind to the care of the colonists, and her brave husband set out cheerfully on his mission. At first he found

* All the biographical sketches of Paterson, and all the histories of Darien, admit this remarkable expedition. I found a brief account of it in a pamphlet in the British Museum. It is contained in a small octavo volume entitled "History of Caledonia." The mark is C. 8. The reader who is curious in such matters, will find much interest in this little book, which I only quote from memory.

the country devoid of inhabitants; though it was most pleasantly diversified with green savannahs and cool forests, beneath whose shade he travelled for many miles. The dread of the Spaniards, rather than of the Buccaneers, had induced the Indians to retire from all the seaboard into the recesses of their hills. As the ambassadors proceeded, they found the country cultivated in the simple manner of the Indians. Maize, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and pine-apples, were found in profusion. The dwellings of the native people were very slight, and only roofed with palmetto leaves; but they appeared to want for nothing that conduces to the simple luxuries of savage life. Among their magnificent cedar forests they passed a joyous and comparatively innocent existence, with merely enough of labour to fulfil man's destiny of exertion. When the hour of rest from their light labours came, they lay down in *hamacs* made of cocoa fibre, and suspended from two boughs; and in these they rocked themselves, children of

nature as they were, into calm and careless slumber.

Paterson, who had made himself acquainted with their language, was everywhere received with kindness and high distinction. The priest of the people prophesied that he was come on a mission of great prosperity to Darien, and favourable report from every mouth heralded his approach to the sovereign. Towards the evening of the second day's journey from St. Andrew's he approached a forest which resounded with wild but pleasant music. On entering one of its many avenues, they beheld a numerous group of musicians, playing on reeds, and attended by a large party of people, who from time to time joined the music in "a chorus of loud humming." As soon as the ambassadors approached them the musicians turned towards the hills, and changed their march into a complicated dance, which continued until they crossed a small savannah and approached a lofty isolated grove, beneath

which they learned that the king was seated. Then the male musicians ceased dancing and recommenced their melodies; a group of beautiful women at the same time bounded forth from the covert of the woods; their graceful forms wore scarcely any concealment, but they glittered with golden ornaments, and their heads were wreathed with garlands of flowers which they cast at the feet of the white men, and then proceeded, dancing before them, towards the king.

The swarthy potentate was at length discovered, seated on a characteristic throne of mahogany logs, which were covered partially with Spanish crimson cloth. He wore "a diadem of gold, ten inches high," and a light cotton robe alone enveloped his tall and manly person. Not only earrings, but a nose-ring were added to his other ornaments; and when pleased, he twirled the latter about "as white men sometimes twirl their moustaches." Courtiers were not wanting to this rustic

monarch's state : men of noble figure, whose stature was increased by gleaming diadems of the mocking-bird's gold feathers, above which waved two long feathers of the scarlet macaw. As the ambassadors approached the royal presence, the musicians and the female dancers formed a semicircle behind them, and so the levee began.

The King of Darien received the Scots very graciously, and his eyes alone confessed any undignified pleasure as he received their precious gifts. These having been presented and accepted, Paterson made his speech.

"We are come," said he, "from the most distant quarter of the globe to greet you, O king! We are come to you as friendly visitors, not as invaders. We offer to purchase your good-will and welcome towards our nation, together with such land as we require for our sustenance. In return, we will advance your greatness, enrich your people with honest traffic from

our European islands, and defend you from the fear of all your enemies.”

The king received this address with a smile of welcome, and twirled his nose-ring in a manner that made glad the hearts of all his courtiers. The attendant priests also looked graciously on the white heretics, who had not neglected to afford them tithes of glass beads and other precious things. But that which completed the prosperity of the reception in the eyes of the pawarrees or priests, and afforded the most favourable omen that Darien religion could receive,—was the approach of a troop of monkeys! These extraordinary creatures seemed to sanction by their presence the solemn treaty between the eastern and western people. The animals came in thousands, bounding from branch to branch, from tree to tree, until they assembled right over the heads of the assembly. There, they chattered, and mowed, and screamed to the utter suppression of all other business. Nor did they rest content with oral

demonstration. They performed all sorts of antics ; amongst others, they caught each his neighbour by the tail, and then forming living chains, they let themselves down from the lofty branches, and swung like great pendulums to and fro, scattering the human crowd from the orb of their gyration, and screaming frantically at the fun.

It seemed to the Darien priests that there was no denying such a sign. With solemn awe they watched each evolution of the monkey mysteries ; and—when the living chains, doubling themselves up, and recovering their lofty branches, broke into individual links and scampered off among the tree tops, startling great flocks of roosting parroquets, and scattering far and wide the wild sounds of their aërial procession—the priests with one accord intimated to their king that the gods were indeed well pleased !

Accordingly, a treaty was forthwith made and ratified. Full freedom was given to

the Scots to settle in the land and enjoy it. Between them and the native Dariens there was declared to be "Peace, as long as rivers ran, and gold was found in Darien."

Then a banquet was held in honour of the strangers. The flesh of the peccary, the fish from the mountain streams, and the fruit from the trees that overarched them, found favour with the Scots; but when a huge lizard, called Iguana in that country, was served up with tomata sauce, the ambassadors found their appetites not sufficiently diplomatic to enjoy it. The reptile, however, was soon consumed by the royal family, and a dessert of figs, peaches, and bastard cinnamon replaced it. Then calabashes, filled with fruity drinks, cooled in the neighbouring springs, were handed round. Minstrels all the while, seated on boughs overhead, sang the glories of the savage king, and women danced on the moonlit sward around the favoured guests.

And when the banquet ended, the ambassadors were conducted to their hammocks, with music by the graceful dancers; who even proposed to the rigid Presbyterians not to desert them then.

There we must leave our Scots, swinging in their aerial couches, and rejoicing in all the events of the day, and all the royal proffers of service except the last.

The next morning the ambassadors set out on their return homeward, attended by all the honours that had greeted their arrival. The enthusiasm of the Indian nation was awakened in their favour; a report spread far and wide over the vales and mountains that the Scots were come to protect them, and restore them to their former security. Among the various parties that met their supposed deliverers on their descent from the hills, was one headed by Andreas, who welcomed Paterson with delight. He attended him to St. Andrew's, and encamped near there "with his travelling wife," (for we must confess that our

old friend had four of these inestimable blessings to serve in different departments.) Thenceforth the faithful Indian never left him until compelled by want of food, in the rainy season, to return to his distant home.

Besides Andreas, there were various native chiefs, Diego of the Gulf, Ambrosio of the Sanballas, and others, who rejoiced in the privilege of bearing a Christian name, though they aspired to no other advantages from their baptism.

All these native chiefs pledged themselves to the alliance and support of the colony; and if the colonists had not, for the most part, been composed of the most unworthy and rebellious spirits, their savage allies would doubtless have remained faithful to them to the last. As it was, though wronged and disgusted, they were more constant in their friendship and services than most European nations would have been.

When Paterson and his fellow-deputies

returned to St. Andrew's, after only six days' absence, they found an alarming change in the colony. A spirit of discontent and mutiny had broken out. The men who worked hard at the new city were dissatisfied that others should remain idle and unpunished. There was as yet no law in the colony. Many of the colonists were men who had escaped from consequence of crime in their own country, and all their evil passions now broke out; ripened by the warm climate, by long idleness, and by the absence of all settled or acknowledged government. Then it was found necessary to make laws, but none would submit to a supreme chief. Democracy has many a painful throe to suffer before it can produce anything like safety, comfort, or protection: there is no head and there are no subjects; but the ear is pleased at the expense of the understanding, and the vanity of having no superiors — the very vanity of vanities.

The colony at St. Andrew's presented a

curious appearance. About twelve hundred persons were now lodged in wooden huts, roofed with palmetto leaves. The external appearance of this rustic village, shaded with magnificent trees and surrounded by the sea, was very romantic. Within, the rude dwellings of the emigrants were singularly furnished: chests and lockers served for seats and tables; tartan scarfs, of various patterns, were hung up for curtains, and formed the only partitions: spades, mattocks, and hatchets, the settler's rough tools, were hung around but the driest place was allotted to the musket and claymore, on which, under Heaven, their safety mainly depended. One large building was set apart for public worship; and another for the stores, on which the emigrants calculated as their last resource. Alice Paterson is the only woman whom we hear of as having accompanied the expedition; but there were several Presbyterian ministers who exercised their vocation at such length—preaching three hours

daily—as to make doubtful the good old saying that “prayer and provender never hindered work.” The latter, indeed, was little likely to hinder it, for provisions began to fall short; and to their grievous disappointment, the emigrants soon found that more than half the meat and biscuits were so bad that they were obliged to be cast into the sea. Even this produced a new calamity, for swarms of sharks were attracted to the harbour by the putrid food. These terrible creatures then made the waters dangerous, and still infest them in great numbers, though unknown there before that time.

Famine now threatened the infant colony; disappointment, too, began to tell upon them. They had been for four months in the promised land, and as yet they had seen no gold, no prospect of the fulfilment of glorious promises that were held out to them. In vain Paterson recalled the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, out of beginnings far more discouraging, had

attained to great prosperity, and founded an immortal colony. The Darien settlers had pitched their expectations far higher; they expected, like the conquering Spaniards, at once to seize upon the country's wealth. The wise, humane, and cautious policy of Paterson in conciliating the natives whom the Spaniards would have destroyed or tortured, was too refined for the appreciation or approval of his followers. Murmurs and mutiny began to break out; the works of the fort were interrupted. A council was at length appointed, and a little parliament elected. By its order, one of the ships was despatched to Jamaica, to endeavour to procure provisions, by any means; for the colonists had not yet heard of the cruel edict that was soon to be enforced against them. Discontent was for a time suppressed by this new hope.

Want, however, began to be severely felt. The labourers were unable to work on their short allowance of food. Starvation stared the colony in the face. They

had exhausted all the neighbourhood of game, and it might be long before their ship returned from Jamaica. Then it was that the humane policy of Paterson was rewarded. The king of Darien sent a large body of Indian hunters to the assistance of the white men and the little company of Andreas. Their knowledge of the country and experience enabled them to procure game and fish, where the Scotchmen had long ceased to find it. The friendly natives encamped in the neighbourhood of their *protégés*, and were indefatigable in their service.

Some few Scots, Torwoodlee among the number, were allowed to join their hunting parties. This young laird had devoted himself loyally to Paterson, and stood by him in all his difficulties. Under the brow-beatings of the ruffian captains (Pennicuik and Drummond), and the more insidious malevolence of Veitch, Torwoodlee had supported his friend's cause in a manner that for a time upheld his influence. And

Alice was equally an object of the young laird's solicitude, not only for the sake of Isobel, but for her own. Often he would climb with her at sunset to the summit of the "Look-out Hill," as it was called; and as they watched wistfully for the long-expected ships from Scotland, would unburden himself of his own misgivings, and share her yet deeper anxieties; for the wife felt not only for the colonists and their cause, but for her husband's fame. She saw him beset with unexpected cares and difficulties; denied all authority in his own colony; yet visited with reproach, as the author of all calamity. It is true that some of the settlers were themselves honourable and true enough to give due credit to their noble-hearted leader; and their testimony, ruined as they were by his misfortunes, remains to this day. But the same self-seeking and unworthy spirit, that so damnified the preparations for the expedition, prevailed in a highly exaggerated form when all the wild elements

of which it was composed were left to their own anarchical government on the distant shores of Darien. To such an extent did this anarchy prevail, that the very mutineers at length proposed to elect a president; but their jealousy limited his rule to one week's duration. It followed, that as all those pretending to any influence hated their fellows, each president occupied his week in undoing the work of his predecessor. Hence the work of defence advanced but slowly; cultivation of the exuberant soil was almost neglected; the scanty supplies were unjustly doled out; some of the sturdiest labourers were half-starved, because unpopular with the sea-captains. And to sum up all, the preachers, who considered themselves as the chiefs of a theocracy, inflamed the minds of those who listened with uncharitableness, and denounced in awful language all those who turned a deaf ear to them.

These infatuated men insisted on the

whole colony attending their service for six hours on every Sunday, mewed up in a damp and narrow building called a chapel, the heat of which sent many to their graves, and filled the hospital. Even on week-days they required all those who called themselves Christians, to listen to their "outpourings" for three mortal hours,—mortal often in more senses than one. The letters written home by these stern fanatics at that time are among the most melancholy records of the period; such a fierce and unpardoning spirit do they breathe, while they rejoice with bitter joy in the very calamities that befell their fellow-sufferers. These they designate as visible judgments, very refreshing to the faith!

Thus ambition, ignorance, and selfishness, with their concomitants, mutiny and discontent, combined to destroy the infant colony. Amongst all these combustible ingredients was finally flung the torch of fanaticism, and thus the destruction which

neither English king nor Parliament could have effected, was rendered inevitable.

From all these harassing proceedings, Torwoodlee was too happy to escape to the forests occasionally, and there take his turn of providing food for the community. He soon acquired almost the subtlety of the Indians in their style of hunting, and excelled them in daring and perseverance. The magnificent forests of the Isthmus were to him full of charms ; inexhaustible in their variety of scenery and of game. From the iguana and the young monkey, up to the wild boar and the jaguar, there was a wide range for the sportsman. Among birds, the partridge, the scarlet curry, the sweet-voiced corrosou, or wild turkey, the beautiful chicaly of the woodpecker tribe, parrots and macaws of every colour, snow-white pelicans, and blue doves, made a brilliant " bag." The waters, too, abounded in fish, from the mullet up to the gigantic manatee, or sea-cow, which struggled under the harpoon

like a whale of the fresh water. Then, on the bay, the Indians used to glide along in their canoe as softly as a wave, and transfix the sleeping turtle with their spears. They would also leister the paracoods, as they fed on a crispy seaweed that grows like a fungus at the root of the mangrove-trees.* Sometimes they would shoot with poisoned arrows from the blowpipe, the large cavally, and the garfish,† as they rose out of the water at the manchineel apples that overhung the sea, waiting for each wave to lift them towards the fruit-laden bough, and then springing from its crest.

In such pursuits the young Scotchman gladly relieved himself from the dreary and discordant controversies of Fort St. Andrew. There was a mystery about the forest

* The paracood is an excellent fish at some seasons of the year; at others it is poisonous, and its only antidote is said to be its backbone burned, pulverized and drank in *mislaw*, a liquor made of the plantain.

† The gar-fish has a long sharp bony snout: it swims so fast and recklessly that it sometimes transpierces the native canoes with this proboscis.

haunts, and legendary renown of strange beings who dwelt there, that strongly excited his curiosity. There was a race of very white small people, the Indians said, who lived in the remotest recesses of the hills. They had long fair hair, as soft as silk, and eyes like the opal stone. They were seldom seen by day-light; but, (as if they saw best by night,) they then roved about, leaping with such nimbleness from tree to tree as to catch monkeys, and sometimes even birds. But the natives knew little of this people, for their powwows or priests told them that they were unholy, and that their very sight had a sinister influence upon the red man.

One day, Torwoodlee had pursued to the foot of the hills an animal called warree, a small but very fierce wild hog, with long tusks. The creature at length stood at bay in a cavern, whose natural gloom was deepened by woods of the tamarind and locust-tree that concealed it. As Torwoodlee was charging in upon the wild hog with his

spear, some strange apparition rushed past him. He started, his foot slipped, and as he fell the warree ran at him, inflicting a deep wound in his neck and shoulder, and then escaped. Torwoodlee thought that he had seen his own wraith, and as he felt himself becoming rapidly more faint from loss of blood, he thought that his last hour was come. A vision of his old house and its dark woods, of Isobel, of his father, swam before his eyes, and he became insensible.

His trance must have lasted a long time, for the sun was just rising as he awoke to consciousness. He found himself on a couch of the softest moss, separated from the damp ground by woven branches. The upper part of his dress had been removed, his wound washed clear from blood, and bound over with palmetto-leaves, secured with fibres of the silk-grass; a cocoa-nut shell filled with pure water stood beside him, with a few bunches of bananas.

As he lay there, helpless from loss of blood, and wondering who his good Samaritan could have been, he saw a huge dark hairy face peering in at the end of the cave. Its expression was a horrible mixture of cunning and ferocity, with a demoniac sort of fun in its often-winking eyes. A huge club, torn freshly from a tree, was in its hands, and a voice like a dismal howl added terror to the vision. Unable to move as he was, Torwoodlee could not suppress a groan; and it was scarcely uttered when the same white apparition that he had before seen seemed to flash across the cave, and smote the dark-visaged fiend so rudely that it disappeared with a yell of pain. Overcome by this new terror and his great weakness, the sufferer again fainted; and when he recovered, he found everything around him profoundly silent. Thus he lay in loneliness until sunset, when the wild concert of the woods began;—the howling of wild beasts, the screaming of

macaws, the sweet music of the mocking-bird, the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-Will. And then the bright moon threw awful shadows from the trees, and ghastly gleams of light upon the savannah that opened some distance from the cave.

As Torwoodlee looked in fear upon the strange scenes that surrounded him, and listened to the awful sounds with which the forest echoed, one of the gleams of moonlight seemed to move ; it became perpendicular ; it glided towards him ; it stood beside him, and gazed with eyes full of a mysterious light, yet of wondrous sadness, on the prostrate hunter. Saints above ! was it the vision of a disturbed brain, or did he there behold a seraph form, such as the living cannot see ?

His prolonged stare only confirmed the impression ; a female form of exquisite grace was there ; white and soft as the down on the swan's breast, and Evelike in innocence of look and attire. Her fair

shining hair twined and knotted with wild grace above her head, looked like a diadem, and her eyes shone like stars.

As soon as this strange being saw the body she had been watching now give some signs of life, she clapped her hands above her head, with a sort of wild delight. She knelt down beside the mossy couch, and examined the hunter's wound; the touch was warm and soft; she must be human! She passes her long fingers over his wondering eyes and closes them, then darts away, and he opens his eyes once more in vacancy.

All night he slept soundly, though haunted by strange visions; next morning just before the dawn he sees his kind watcher once more, only for a moment, and he observes that her form is far below the size that its exquisite proportion would have argued. But she is gone again, and in a manner unlike a creature of earth; she sprang towards a bough that overhung the cavern's mouth, and appa-

rently with perfect ease swung herself up into the air.

Towards evening, the hunter felt able to crawl out from his cave, and was musing how he might escape from his present helpless condition, when the hiss of a snake proved to him his inability. He turned towards the thicket whence the sound proceeded, and there he saw impending almost over him, the widely distended mouth and inturnd teeth of a huge bushmaster serpent, the deadliest of all his species. He remained motionless, and almost resigned to death, when suddenly a huge bough descended and struck his enemy to the ground. The next moment the white girl stood before him, and with entreating gestures motioned him to return to the cave. Her appearance was now familiar to him, and he no longer shrank from her, as she offered him her downy white shoulder to lean upon. Whatever else she might be, she was woman enough to arrange his mossy couch

comfortably, to raise up his rude pillow ; and then to sit, or rather to crouch down beside him and watch by him almost tenderly. As the shades of evening came on, her eyes began to shine again with the same strange lustre that had astonished the hunter before ; but now their lambent glance was so gentle and mild in its expression, that he delighted to look upon it.

Thus for several evenings Torwoodlee was tended by his mysterious friend, and supplied with fruits and fresh water, and the softest couch that the wild woods afforded. He tried in vain to communicate in speech with his preserver, but a strange unintelligible mournful voice alone replied to him.

One morning he was startled from his sleep by the sound of heavy footsteps approaching ; he was then sufficiently revived to rise and walk, and had only been detained by the evident fear of his protectress lest he should injure himself.

She rushed to the mouth of the cave as if in terror, and tried to spring up by her accustomed bough, but the gaunt figure of an Indian at the same moment darkened the cave and smote her with a heavy club; she gave one wild unearthly shriek, and fell, while streams of blood gushed forth upon her snowy skin and now loosened hair. Torwoodlee rushed at her murderer and struck him to the ground; but he was immediately seized by some other Indians, whom he recognised as belonging to a friendly tribe.

“What would you do?” they exclaimed, in their imperfect English. “Would you kill the holy pawarree for saving you from the witchcraft of the Downi? We have long sought for you in vain, and it was only by the magic skill of the pawarree that we discovered your retreat.”

But Torwoodlee would not be comforted for the loss of his gentle preserver; nor could he express any gratitude to the

pawarree. He carried the lifeless body of the Downi into the cave, and gently placed it on the couch her care had made for him. He bathed the beautiful little form with tears of gratitude, and it was long before the Indians could tear him from the indulgence of his grief. At length he consented to accompany them towards home ; but first, at his request, they piled up huge stones and sticks at the mouth of the cave, and there they left the fair white body, with its old home for its sepulchre.

In the evening they reached a spot where Andreas was encamped :

“ You have had a great escape,” said he, very solemnly to the Scot ; “ you fell into the hands of a people who would soon have torn you to pieces and fed upon you. We wage war to the death upon those white creatures whom we thought were now extinct. But thanks to the great skill of our pawarree, we found you and rescued you.”

Torwoodlee, though he bore no good will to the pawarrees, felt some curiosity to investigate their pretensions to prophetic skill. Amongst all mankind, there exists an undying desire to penetrate into futurity, and in those earlier times, men had more faith than is now generally disposable. Wafer had lately asserted solemnly, that one of these Indian priests or conjurers had exactly predicted his fate and that of his companions ; Master Borland, a Scottish minister, had himself confessed that they had diabolic assistance ; and whether the news came from below or above in the present anxious state of the colony, Torwoodlee thought that any revelation of its fortunes would be interesting, to say nothing of private matters, at least as near his heart. He therefore forgave, as far as he could, the murderous, though well-meaning act that he still shuddered at ; and he apologised to the conjurer for his rough treatment. The seer nodded forgiveness, and said

that he could not have helped it; it was so written in the stars. But he was very near re-awakening all the Scot's anger by assuring him that the beautiful Downi had only regarded him in the light of live stock, to be consumed as food when occasion required him.

At length all matters were arranged for the prophecy. The night was dark, but a bright cedar fire threw a ruddy glare all over the group that had assembled under a wide-spreading tree. The pawarree retired to a short distance and made a little fire of his own, whereon he burned some strong-smelling herbs, which sent up a thick smoke. Then the sorcerer arose, and danced wildly round the flame, holding his head over the smoke and inhaling it. As he whirled about, he began a low whirring song, which gradually grew louder, and at last became a series of shrieks, reminding the Scot of the Highland fling, not only in ejaculations, but in the jumping, frantic-looking dance which accompanied them.

At length the seer, exhausted, flung himself on the ground, and holding his hands over his eyes, beckoned Torwoodlee to approach, which he did, with Andreas to interpret for him. He first inquired how fared a beautiful lady in Scotland, who lived in a tall stone house, amid dark woods on a hill side. The seer, swaying backwards and forwards, took some minutes to inquire of his spirit; he then chanted these words,

“ The pale-face walks in dark woods,
Her thoughts are darker,
They are hunting out a man in the east ;
And they follow a woman in the west ;
But they seek not the pale-face that the Downi desired.”

The countenance of Torwoodlee fell ; and it was with a very faltering voice that he inquired how the colony would speed. The pawarree again paused some minutes, and again took up his dismal chant :

“ The pale-faces came across the seas ;
They wanted my people to worship their God.
We did not understand their words ;

But we saw their deeds,
And they were not good.
They came, and the red man loved them ;
For they said that they would eat the Spaniard up ;
But the rain comes and washes them away ;
They go to sleep in the red man's graves ;
Or they sail away to the land of streams ;
To Xaymaca, where they feed the crab.
The red man sorrows for the pale-faces,
And their name becomes only a legend in the land." *

Andreas repeated these sad presages in an accent of despair, and thenceforth he gave up all faith in the colony's success. Indeed the country about New Caledonia was so exhausted of game, that his people could scarcely sustain themselves ; much less support the voracious colonists, whose appetites astonished them. He still loved the gentle and courteous Paterson ; but he felt that the Scot was only vainly strug-

* The Rev. Mr. Borland, one of the ministers who accompanied the expedition, denounced these "Powows," as he calls them. "And, indeed," (he adds), "the devil gives them responses, which fall out accordingly: whereof we had an experiment, while we were in Darien harbour; for some of them told us that so many ships would come into our harbour, and afterwards we should be gone for Jamaica, which came to pass accordingly." Borland's narrative is now very scarce: I am indebted for the use of it, with many other favours, to Mr. Laing, of the Signet Library.

gling against destiny ; and in his own mind he now resolved to withdraw himself and his followers from the vortex of destruction.

As he was musing thus, Torwoodlee requested him once more to interrogate the seer.

“ Shall I return to my own country ? ” he demanded.

Again the seer set himself in motion, swinging to and fro ; and again his dismal chant broke forth :

“ The pale-face father in thy house,
Makes feast for thy success ;
She whom thou desirest as thy squaw,
Is glad of thy prosperity.—
But neither old man nor young maid rejoices
With such true cause
As the sharks that dance round the retreating ships.
They wait to welcome thee :—
Thou upon whom has fallen the spell of the Downi ;
Thou who hast struck the pawarree.”

The young Scot asked to hear no more. He tried to shake off the dreary impression that the Indian sorcerer had conveyed to him ; but it clung round every thought to which he endeavoured to divert his mind.

It haunted him through the hours of that long night in the forest, and accompanied him back to the fort of St. Andrew, which he reached on the following day.

CHAPTER VI.

"Dearly," say they, "may we those visions rue,
Which lured us from our native land,
A wretched, lost, devoted band ;
Led on by Hope's delusive gleam,
The victims of a fatal dream.
For us no requiem shall be sung,
Or knell in holy kirk be rung."

J. BAILLIE.

TORWOODLEE returned to Fort St. Andrew, weak in frame and very much depressed in mind by the sorcerer's incantations, which, in spite of him, hung heavily on his spirit. The dark prophecy regarding the colony appeared to his eyes to be rapidly approaching fulfilment. Every day the little band of adventurers was reduced ; the men who were still able to work strove faintly to complete the fortifications, and to till the

ground for crops which they were destined not to reap. Many of these pale and worn, but still resolute labourers, passed rapidly from the trenches to the crowded hospital, and thence, still more hurriedly to their graves. Already the burial-ground was better tenanted than the fort.

And yet the gaunt survivors still maintained their dissensions, their petty ambitions, and their insubordination. Still the ministers denounced, the sea-captains bullied, the clerks peculated, the workmen pined,—all murmured,—but all held on!

At length the long-expected ship returned from Jamaica; she brought the astounding intelligence of King William's edict against the Scottish colony, already struggling with every ill that could affect brave men. That monarch, having first approved of and encouraged the expedition, had the unparalleled cruelty to condemn it to destruction. On the remonstrance of the meanly-jealous English parliament, the king sent an order (dated on Sunday, which still more shocked its victims,) to all the English colonies in America and the West Indian islands, for

bidding them, on any pretence whatever, to supply either provisions or other stores to the Scottish colony at Darien: yet he knew that there was elsewhere no sustenance to be obtained by them at their side of the Atlantic. These orders were acted upon to the very letter; and the necessities of life, that were freely granted to the buccaneers, the enemies of mankind, were withheld from the gallant and loyal band of Scots now perishing at Darien.

The news of this edict filled the doomed colonists with despair. The rainy season was just setting in, and not only brought with it all diseases generated by damp, and heat, and ill shelter; but drove away the Indian allies, who had hitherto shamed the English monarch and his ministers by their care and charity. In the Isthmus the rains are ushered in by a perfect deluge tumbling from the sky: the trickling streams swell suddenly into roaring and destructive torrents; the plains are quickly flooded, the whole country is swamped. All the while a close and terrible heat pervades the darkened atmosphere; noisome

insects fill the air, and swarm upon the ground. To breathe is an effort, and miasma creeps into the lungs at every laboured respiration. When the rain ceases for some time in the night, the wan moon gleams down upon a ghastly world of waters, whence, among drowned groves, rises up pestilence in the visible form of murky vapours.

No wonder that amid such scenes even the stout Scottish hearts began to fail. Hitherto, notwithstanding all their hardships, death had been confined to the hospital: now it was an inmate in almost every crowded hut. Misery is the strongest ally of pestilence: when the soul sinks, the poor clay that encloses it will soon also yield. The fort of St. Andrew became one great infirmary. None could recognize, in the pale gaunt forms that lay stretched on damp couches, or in those who watched over them with wistful love, the stalwart men who had left their native land in health, and strength, and hope a few months before. Paterson alone, sustained by unquenchable hope, preserved a calm

and serene dignity among these sorrows. He knew that a ship, with stores and provisions, should soon arrive from Scotland. He looked beyond the present appalling hours to brighter days: he knew that the climate would be changed by cultivation,—that hardships would be obviated by better shelter. He was cheered by his faithful uncomplaining wife, who loyally held to his own high faith and hope; though she in secret felt that a double debt of charity and watchfulness to the sick was due from the wife of him who had led them there. She and her husband were indefatigable in their ministry to the sick, and in endeavouring to preach comfort and patience to those who had not yet sunk under the fatal climate.

The expected ship did not arrive; she had foundered on her way. Two of the Darien vessels had already been despatched to England. There were not healthy men enough to man the rest, even if they thought of escaping; but they did not. They had left their homes resolved to conquer or to die, and the latter alter-

native was encountered with characteristic courage. A sad and solemn sight it must have been for Paterson, notwithstanding all their errors and offences, to see his gallant band perishing slowly round him. Now a father received his son's last sigh, and knelt in resigned prayer beside the loved cold form before it was carried out for hasty burial. Now a brother listened earnestly for the last message to a distant home from a brother's purple lips. Some tried with wasted arms to control the strong struggles of the delirious. Some lay languidly down, as if to facilitate the approach of death: and all the time the rain still poured through the hot dark air, blotting out all the fair scenes which the emigrant's closing eyes had lately dwelt on with delight. And still through the gloom was constantly seen the form of Alice, moving from one sufferer to another, like an angel of hope, soothing the body with cool drinks, and the soul with holy words. Nor did she ever allow Paterson to discover the grief and hopelessness that

began to devour her own heart,—that heart so joyous and wayward when he first won its faithfully enduring love. At night her tears fell abundantly, but she rose in the morning betimes to dry her pillow, that no trace of her sorrow might be detected by him who unconsciously had brought it upon her.

At length a ray of hope broke in upon the colony. We have already noticed the high hill near St. Andrews, where the exiles were accustomed, on the fine evenings of their summer, to rest themselves and gaze towards Scotland. The rain had now began to abate, and was followed by a violent tempest. In one of the first intervals of the gale, Paterson climbed the hill once more, in instinctive but almost despairing hope. He saw a brig struggling with the storm that had cleared away the clouds.* She was evidently bound for the harbour, and steered by one who knew its dangers well; but she had carried away her fore-topmast, and

* All these details are taken from the writings of the colonists themselves.

was almost unmanageable. Paterson hurried to the fort to summon assistance, and to communicate the prospect of relief. Who can blame him if he entered his own poor hut first with the joyful news? He stood still, as if spell-bound, on the threshold. Alice had caught the fever, and was lying prostrate, with death's pallor on her face, upon the miserable pallet that served them for a bed. The relief, the hope, Darien itself, were all forgotten, as the careworn Paterson knelt beside his faithful wife. The progress of the fearful disease that consumed her was rapid. Her beautiful mouth was purple and swollen, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes alone retained that gentle seraphic light which had shone over her husband in life, and could now comfort him even in death. The very light of immortality was now shining there, though all around was decaying darkly. —

The little village had been suddenly deserted when the news was spread that a vessel was in sight; but numbers soon returned when they heard that Alice was

dying, and clustered round the door, fearing to intrude, yet longing to offer their rude sympathy if not their service.

A cry from those upon the shore was heard that the strange vessel had struck; and even the mourners hurried away to catch the last glimpse of their expected relief as it was dashed to pieces on the rocks. One or two of the crew struggled ashore, and were gratefully welcomed; the rest were lost. One of the survivors was a man of fine athletic form, but his face was deeply scarred, and its expression was stern and forbidding.

“Yonder!” he said, pointing almost scornfully to where the wrecked spars and tangled rigging of his brig still floated: “yonder was a goodly craft last night, loaded with a hundred tons of flour and good boucaned beef. It’s all gone now, and I shall have small thanks for it. Have you no women among you?” he demanded hastily, having cast his eyes over the group.

“We *had*—one,” was the reply; “but she’s down with the fever, yonder.”

The shipwrecked sailor appeared to forget his recent misfortune, his half-drowned plight, and everything else, as he stalked away towards the hut that had been pointed out to him. He unceremoniously pushed aside the crowd that had again collected at the door, and entering, he threw himself on his knees by the bedside of Alice. He was silent for a moment, as he gazed earnestly upon her altered face; and then he burst into such a wild passion of grief as to rouse even her expiring attention. Her eyes moved slowly from her husband's face to his, and he saw that he was recognized. He repressed his emotion, and, in a low, husky voice, sobbed out her name.

“Alice!” he exclaimed; “Alice! I came to save you and yours, for the sake of the old times—and I have lost you,—lost you for ever. Alice, forgive me all my crimes—the only forgiveness I have ever sought—that I shall ever ask for. You I never wronged. I loved you desperately; and it would have been heaven to me, here and hereafter, to have called you wife. But I *was* what they called married, though you

knew it not. I did not dare to deceive you, yet I *could not* tell you the truth. I sailed away from your quiet home,—met you once;—lost you;—heard among the islands that you were starving here, and thought I might do one good deed before I died. What had *I* to do with goodness? Heaven was against me, as it always was. The sea has swallowed up all; and would that it had not spared me!”

The wretched Buccaneer was speaking to unconscious ears: Alice was no longer living: he suffered himself to be led out of the hut; and Paterson, almost unconscious of all that he had just heard, was left alone with his dead.

A few days had passed, and the heavy rains and fiery sunshine had already covered with green grass the grave of Alice Paterson. Many a gallant countryman lay around her. The burying-ground was the only part of the settlement that thrived. Even when the fine season set in—and a finer season is not seen on earth—the heavens seemed only to smile in mockery of all hope. The ghastly remnant of the Scottish settlers

were unable to work, and passed the day in dreary languor; or only roused themselves to exertion when their miserable pittance of bad food was doled out amongst them. Such as could still summon any strength, employed it in climbing the hill that looked out upon the sea towards Scotland. There they would sit for hours, a sad and silent company. That mountain was called "Pisgah;" but they looked with backward, not prophetic feelings, on their pilgrimage. Vainly, day by day, diminishing numbers climbed that hill, and watched for the long-expected succour.

Paterson, whose grief was too deep for show,—whose private feelings were crushed into insensibility, and hidden away, as if indecorous, in the midst of the great public calamity,—appeared once more calm and self-possessed. He endeavoured to sustain the drooping spirits of his comrades, and still spoke to them in the language of undying hope.

Let justice be done to those brave men, erring and wayward as they were. Not one was heard to reproach him as the

author of their calamity, though many an imprecation was uttered on their cruel king, and many a reproach upon those at home who seemed to have abandoned them.

At length they resolved to depart from the fatal soil.

“ A few days more,” they said, “ and we shall not have life enough left in us to sail away.”

In vain Paterson held out against the public will. In vain he represented their abandonment of the colony as a desertion—as a dereliction of the trust reposed in them by Scotland. Self-preservation, it was replied, was superior to any other law. The emigrants prepared, though slowly and sadly, to embark. Young Torwoodlee alone supported Paterson: he shrank from returning in poverty to the home that had been impoverished to speed him forth upon the fatal enterprise. He aspired, too, to that good report, so precious to a son and to a lover, that would reach his home. Though Isobel had given him no hope, his honour in her eyes was dear as ever—perhaps more dear.

But neither he nor Paterson could oppose that resolution, which now, in sullen silence, was being earnestly carried into effect. The remnant of the stores, and the pitiable relics of provisions, eked out with such fresh fruits as the early season yielded, were put on board. The helpless emigrants had not wherewithal to take them to Europe. The West India isles were closed against them, either by the Spaniards or by William's barbarous decree. They fixed their destination for New York.

Early, one fair spring morning, the Scots assembled in their house of prayer. It was for the last time. When first it was built out of the native trees, it could scarcely contain the crowded hopeful congregation. Now, hopes and crowd alike had vanished. By far the greater number were at rest, hard by, in the lone burial-ground. The survivors gathered round their sole surviving minister. When the blessing was pronounced, with one accord the emigrants went away to the cemetery—each to seek the well-remembered hillock where his

friend or kinsman—sole inheritors of the promised land—now lay. Then, summoned by a gun-shot from the leading ship, they streamed in a sad procession towards the shore. Paterson and Torwoodlee alone hung back. The former was the last to leave the shore.

CHAPTER VII.

Ye ruins, I will return once more to attend your lessons ! I will resume my place in the midst of your wide-spreading solitudes ! I will leave the tragic scene of human passions : I will love my species rather from recollection than actual survey : I will occupy myself in promoting their happiness, and will found my own on the remembrance that I have conduced to theirs.

VOLNEY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fatal edict of King William, high hopes had continued to be held in Scotland of the Darien expedition. The first report from the emigrants alone had been received, and it was eloquent with hope and high prospects. From the leaders to the humblest follower, the settlers had written in the same strain, and throughout Scotland the happy report spread rapidly.

In the old house of Torwoodlee, among

others, there was hearty rejoicing, though gravely expressed, in puritan fashion. Not only the chieftain was happy for his own, his country's, and his son's sake, but Isobel was full of joy for the sake of Alice and her heroic husband. The old house had long been closed to any approach to gaiety, but at the receipt of the good news of his son, the Laird of Torwoodlee bade his friends welcome once more, and his hospitable board was surrounded by kinsmen of all degrees and all ranks in life. Thither came Whytbank and Tonsonce; and even Blindlee and Haining, though hostile, had some members there, of their younger branches.* As the evening of a cold clear day in March was closing, three loud strokes on the buttery door announced that supper was served, and it was soon attacked by

* It is characteristic of those old times, that the kindred houses of Haining and Blindlee were so opposed to Whytbank and Torwoodlee, that they (binding themselves to James the Second's government) persecuted their kinsmen even to death and *confiscation* (which may afford some clue to their zeal.) Torwoodlee stands on one side of a deep valley: Blindlee stood on the opposite side, about a long musket-shot across. The Pringles of Blindlee used to try to shoot at their kinsmen from their windows, and no doubt the fire was wont to be returned.

the large clan of Pringle, with all the energy of a great celebration.

Among the guests at the lower table there was a slight stir, as a stranger of foreign appearance, and with a long flowing beard, appeared, and claimed hospitality. A place was quickly made, and kindly welcome given; but the stranger seemed dissatisfied. At last, after making some inquiries about the household, he remained silent. He was almost unnoticed, too, for many other strangers had availed themselves of the open gates that welcomed every comer on that night of thanksgiving. The feast proceeded; the bagpipes lent their maddening notes to swell the cheerful tumult. The stern and thoughtful brows of the Scots relaxed: puritans as they were, for once they allowed themselves to be glad. The bearded stranger alone remained silent, and when one of his neighbours asked him if he bore a grudge to any of the Darien heroes; and if not, why he refused to join in the general rejoicing,—the stranger only emphatically repeated the word “ Rejoicing!”

At that very hour the ruined remnant of the expedition was on the sea, having had scarcely strength enough to weigh their anchors or to hoist their sails. And even the wind, with all other aid, seemed to fail them, for they lay in a waveless calm for days, close to the fatal shores of Darien. The fatality pursued them still: men died daily, and many a wan and wasted form lay gasping in the sultry air which poisoned the lungs that drank it in. Among these was young Torwoodlee, who was dying on the western waters, while his home was celebrating his success.

There—far away—the celebration went on merrily till late; and then, after a long grace and thanksgiving, the guests separated all at once, and took their various ways across the heath. It is remembered among their descendants to this day, that when midnight sounded from the belfry of Galashiels, it seemed to be echoed back mysteriously and mournfully from Torwoodlee: every bell in the house, at the same moment, sounded slowly and solemnly; and strange voices seemed to

haunt the air, filling the minds of all who heard them with ominous forebodings. Just then young Torwoodlee had died.*

And enviable appeared his fate to those who stood around him, and who at length reluctantly consigned his body to the deep. A slow and cruel death seemed awaiting all. Even the mind of Paterson at length yielded under his sore trial. "He became like a little child;" says one of the survivors; "docile and gentle as he always was, but dreamy and apparently unconscious of a past or future."

At length a breeze sprung up, and the leaky sun-scorched ships, with tattered sails and spectral crews, moved on—away from Darien. As its last peak was about to disappear beneath the horizon, the feverish eyes of the broken-hearted leader of the expedition turned towards it for a moment, instinctively—then closed to shut out that last, last vision.

A few words are sufficient to conclude the disastrous story. The ships, with one

* A well-known legend in the "Forest."

exception, reached Charlestown, in North America. Thence, after long delay, about thirty of the emigrants returned to Scotland, the sole remnant of twelve hundred lusty adventurers who, burning with high hope, had left their country twelve months before.

CHAPTER VIII.

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain,
The things we must believe are few and plain :
But since men *will* believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed ;
In doubtful questions 'tis the wisest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say.

RELIGIO LAICI.

WE now return to the manor-house of Torwoodlee, whose indwellers, notwithstanding the rejoicings we have lately mentioned, passed a sleepless night, disturbed by anxieties and vague fears. Among the causes for such misgivings, an expression used by the stranger was not forgotten. It was recorded by one of the servants, that when he had inquired the reason of the banquet, he was told that it was in commemoration of the happy tidings

from Darien.—“ Happy tidings ! ” the stranger repeated, and then, checking himself, relapsed into silence and soon afterwards took his leave.

To the industrious, the day brings its duties, whatever joy or sorrow, or vigil or repose the night may have shrouded. The household of Torwoodlee was astir before the dawn and busied in its usual avocations. Isobel, who now acted as one of the family, was like the rest busied betimes, and it was not until late in the forenoon that she could find leisure to repair to her favourite seat in the half-wild garden. There she gave herself up to one of those deep reveries in which the people of lost hopes are so prone to indulge ; living over again and again a cherished past, which never becomes trite ; which never yields its imaginative interests to the real interests of waking life. Six years had passed away since she had seen her Moresco lover, but her heart was still as true to him as if she passed all that time within a convent's wall. Not that she did not feel and appreciate the love

of her brave cousin, and almost accused herself of his self-exile. But then, thoughts of Alvaro would rise up rebelliously, and she began to think that she must accustom herself to—in order to be able to overcome them:—a foolish thought!

It was probably, however, that thought—or it might be the pleasant odours of spring and the breeze that played through her rich dark hair—that left a placid smile upon her lip, as she yielded to weariness and sank into a light slumber, that avenged itself for its banishment on the preceding night.

While thus she slept, the dark stranger, emerging from some pine trees that sheltered the garden from the north wind, drew near. He leaned upon his staff and watched her with a deep fixed gaze, full of tenderness and many memories. His dark and deep-set eyes shone brightly beneath black eyebrows, which, as well as his beard, were tinged with gray. An ample cloak enveloped his form, but could not hide its manly grace; and the wide slouched hat, then almost fallen into dis-

use, added to the foreign appearance of the watcher.

Everyone must have observed the magnetic influence of a long fixed look: in a crowded room it is so strongly felt, that no eyes seek those of others long in vain: the most indifferent will unconsciously feel the spell. Even in sleep the same effect is frequently produced; and poor Isobel, waking slowly, seemed to find her dream continued when Alvaro met her gaze. For him it was a favourable surprise, for she allowed herself to be clasped in his arms before she remembered that it was wrong. And when she *did* remember it, it was with such confusion that her disengagement was very slow.

The novelist might easily furnish words to the conversation of ejaculations that ensued; but if his description were true to nature, it would be very unintelligible. It was some time before the long-parted lovers gathered from one another the position in which each stood. In brief, Alvaro had come to claim his bride. He had heard in Edinburgh that Isobel was betrothed to

young Torwoodlee. He had come to see her once more for the last time, and now he learned that her engagement only existed in popular rumour.

Isobel scarcely dared to ask the question by which her resolution was still to be guided; but her confidence in the honour of Alvaro was so great that she was fain to believe that what she wished was true. An indescribable change in his manner, too, appeared to give her confidence; and it was rather to a look than to a question that Alvaro answered—

“Yes; I have learned your faith in its best school—the school of sorrow. When last I parted from you, I thought it had been for ever. Like the fabled wanderer of my race, I set forth on aimless travels; urged onward over the world by a mere impulse of unrest. Gradually my thoughts assumed a settled form. I resolved to visit the great cradles of all creeds, in the hope of obtaining some clue, if only one of sentiment, which I might follow towards some truth. I crossed the seas to Egypt: I explored with wonder the sublime mo-

numents raised in honour of a contemptible creed. With pride I beheld *our* ancient history verified in the midst of their false imaginings. I followed the track of our great Exodus even unto Horeb and Mount Sinai, and thence, through the lands of Edom and of Moab, I journeyed on to the Jordan and to holy, holy Jerusalem: there is no nation like unto our nation in the possession of one grand unquestioned centre of our history and our race: fallen as it is, and defiled by the Infidel, there is no sublimer city raised with hands. Thence, I journeyed on by Tiberias and Samaria, by Mount Hermon and the Desert to Damascus, and on into Chaldæa and to the banks of the Euphrates. There I was made prisoner by the Arab hordes, and held in servitude for a year, until the faithful Ghorkha escaped and brought a countryman of mine from Aleppo to ransom me. Among the companions of my captivity were a venerable Nestorian priest, with a young granddaughter who was passing fair. You need not start, Isobel; she was not as fair as you, and if she were,

she *could* not be so lovely. But she was to me as a sister, and her grandsire was as my father. At length, one day as she was drawing water from a distant well to feed the flocks, she suffered cruel wrong from a neighbouring sheikh. Our tribe arose, and we avenged her well: we wiped out, in the blood of their last man, the wrong, which even among Arabs is the darkest of crimes; but their victim drooped and pined away, and at length she died. Her death was more beautiful and cheerful than the brightest life of others. I listened by the hour to the comforting words and glorious promises of the old priest. I then first began to know the Christian's God;—the faith that finds its triumph at the tomb, its fountain of rejoicing in sorrow's deepest source.—We will talk more of this hereafter.

I learned to bless my captivity, during which, with a humbled heart, through many a livelong night, the Nestorian and I sat beneath the stars which Abraham watched from the same spot. And when the rising sun called us to our daily tasks, the old

man would move away as cheerfully to his slave-labour as if he had slept tranquilly, with his living child beneath his tent.

“At length Ghorkha returned from Aleppo, having had my ransom and his own sent to a merchant of Bagdad. I went thither with our Sheikh, and easily ransomed the old Nestorian with some others of his tribe. With them, I returned to their mountains beyond Lake Van : and there I long dwelt, well pleased with their pastoral life and beautiful country ; and applying among them, to their great gratitude, such medical skill as I long ago acquired for amusement. The old priest was still my counsellor and my guide : he illustrated in his own life the doctrines that he taught ; and, with profound scholarship and philosophy, was able to prove as a mere historical and argumentative fact, the truth which he held by the stronger grasp of faith.

In the sublime scenery, and sublimer moral atmosphere that surrounded the old sage, I could have lived, I think, contentedly for ever, had it not been for you, Isobel ! As soon as the prescribed path

to your heart was open to me, I resolved to come and seek it. Have I come in vain?"

It was some time after this momentous question had been asked and replied to, that Isobel found an opportunity to turn even to the next dearest object of her heart.

"Have you heard news from Darien?" at length she asked.

"Alas!" replied Alvaro sadly, "that brave enterprise is all over now. It is known in London that the colony has been starved—inhumanly starved out, and before this has been deserted.

"I did not tell you that, on my homeward way, I visited Venice and Genoa. I there obtained some debts from honest men, and forced some knaves to disgorge their plunder. I am once more rich, and my first care on my return to London was, to dispatch a ship to my noble-hearted friend's assistance; but from what I have heard, I have no hope that it will find him there."

"And my poor, poor sister!" exclaimed

Isobel, too much stunned by the disastrous news to understand it all at once.

“Be comforted,” said Alvaro ; “she was well when the last intelligence of the colony was received.”

“And young Torwoodlee ?”

“Of such a person I know nothing,” replied Alvaro, somewhat coldly ; “but his name was not among those of the dead.”

The fatal truth concerning Darien soon spread throughout Scotland. The nation reeled under the blow. Every family suffered in the great calamity. Their scanty wealth had perished, as well as those for whom it had been first hoarded, then expended. At Torwoodlee, the revelation of the disasters was gently broken by Isobel ; and she had yet a more delicate task, in the same breath, to explain, that she was about to become the stranger’s bride. But it was done ; and being once done, that sorrow took its place amongst the rest. The old laird was comforted for the Darien loss, as he hoped to greet his son all the sooner.

And somehow the world began to improve with him, even while others suffered. The stock at Torwoodlee sold at the spring fair for wonderful prices ; the timber on some distant hills was purchased at an enormous rate by a southern dealer, who was supposed to have been murdered afterwards ; for though he paid his money, he never returned to cut down his trees. Some faint indications of coal had been discovered long before on part of the estate, and a bold speculator appeared, who gave the outside value of what it would have produced had it proved as rich as, in effect, it was the reverse. In short, within a few months after the visit of Alvaro, the ancient family of Torwoodlee was restored to all its ancestral wealth. No suspicion of the Moor's agency in this change ever occurred to the old laird, who now more impatiently awaited the return of his son to share his prosperity. That son might now mate with the proudest lady in Scotland ; and though the father loved Isobel as a daughter, he was so far jealous of her constancy to

the stranger, that he gave her away to him in marriage almost without a sigh.

The old Manor-house by the Solway, where Paterson had lived, soon assumed a cheerful aspect. Everything was done to it that would not change its identity. Plantations, fences, drains, and comfortable cottages were created as if by magic. Alvaro, with characteristic ardour, urged them on. The old smuggler's house had fallen to decay; it soon started up in a castellated form, with strength fit for a border baron, and appliances of comfort worthy of a modern gentleman.

But the energies of Alvaro soon required some other field of action than these benevolent toys. He satisfied himself that he had done all for Paterson that he was likely to tolerate, and he began to weary of the bleak and (to him) lonely Solway. He was, it is true, become a Christian, but still—a very restless Christian. His blood was not changed, and the wandering instinct of the Hebrew never yet was satisfied with agricultural pursuits. In a word, Alvaro repaired to

London, plunged into the excitement that there abounds for every one ; but especially for a man like him who had his new position to assert and to fortify. He there forgot everything but Isobel and his friend Paterson, in quest of whom he had dispatched another ship to the nearest American seaports. He soon had the melancholy satisfaction to behold him again, but as an almost broken-hearted man ; lonely in the world ; his beloved wife, his comrades, his cherished scheme all gone !

But the noble soul that was in the man shone out in the midst of his desolation. Not a word of murmur against man, or repining against destiny, escaped him. He still held his head high, as beseemed one supported by elevated thought. His hair was grown gray, almost white ; but his eyes still shone with the calm, clear light of philosophic resolution.

He had scarcely landed in Scotland, when he hastened to the Council to account for the defeat of the expedition, and to counsel them to new enterprises. Once more his sanguine spirit communi-

cated itself to the Company; they prepared a new expedition, and made a new appeal to the justice of King William.

Paterson now proposed that the Company should assume an English character, two-thirds of its members to belong to that nation, and one-third only to Scotland. He wrote an eloquent letter in praise of the spot that had been so fatal to his happiness; and laid down plans for the conduct of the future colony in the mostucid and statesmanlike language. He based all his hopes on that freedom of trade and freedom of conscience, which was only destined to obtain a consummation in far later times.

Lord Basil Hamilton was requested to lay this new proposal and petition before the King. That high-hearted young nobleman accepted the unpopular mission, though he had always held aloof from the Court since the revolution. He repaired at once to London. An audience was refused to him, but his zeal was not to be extinguished by the cold ceremony that surrounds a throne. He had the

wrongs of his country committed to his charge, and, at the risk of the then easy prosecution for treason, he was determined to acquit himself of the task. He watched the going out and the coming in of the magnanimous but politic King. At length he caught his eye ; he pressed forward through the crowd of courtiers as William was mounting his horse. He laid the petition on his saddle-bow. The King's eagle eyes flashed fire, and his stern brow was fiercely bent.

“Now, by heaven, this young man is too bold,” he exclaimed wrathfully ; but at the same moment his nobler nature reminded him how he himself had risked all things for what he considered to be his country's cause, and his royal brow relaxed :—“That is to say,” he added, with almost a gracious smile, “if a man *can* be too bold in the cause of his country !”

But with these words, all magnanimity appeared to cease. He rode on, and thenceforth his countenance towards the Scottish scheme was as cold as ever.

Again the Scots sent forth a colony as

ill-officered and ill-ministered as before. Fanaticism assisted all other baleful agencies in counteracting the bold design. Again a reinforcement was sent out under the conduct of the gallant Campbell of Finab. He withstood the Spaniards, but he was conquered at length by circumstances. Pestilence and famine once more invaded the colony. Besieged by the Spaniards, they were at length forced to capitulate, with all the honours of war. So weak were they as they departed, that their brave enemies were obliged to heave up their anchors for them, and to set their sails.

Thus Darien was abandoned, and with it, the noblest scheme of colonization that was ever planned.

CHAPTER IX.

Acknowledge present good, or thou wilt need to learn,
And—by its loss—thy good, thy mercies to discern.

* * * * *

Whence is it,—if the Lord, the mighty God, is high,
That, lifting up myself, I find him not more nigh ?

Sabbathion.

The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught.

The Giaour.

OUR life is but a portion of our immortality, which is covered over with the veil of our mortality. The best and brightest amongst us are those whose veils are most diaphanous.

Isobel de Medina had as little of earth about her as was consistent with mortal nature. Self-denial, boldly incurred and long-continued, had refined and chastened her soul, as the flame refines the silver until

it has expelled all dross, and enabled it to reflect the image of the refiner. No selfishness remained to obscure the bright spirit of that faithful woman; but she may be pardoned, if, for a while, she thought that her probation was ended; and that she might now fearlessly trust herself to an enjoyment of the love that she had so long and patiently forborne.

At first Alvaro returned, as entirely as he possessed, the affection that had been so tried. His penetrating, yet poetic mind, perceived and acknowledged the purity and nobleness of the love that he had won. He sunned himself, he basked in the light of the eyes that had been so long his lode-stars. He was almost *satisfied*,—a comprehensive word, which never has wholly found its fulfilment on this earth.

But Alvaro and his bride still breathed different spiritual atmospheres, if we may so speak. Alvaro was too truthful not to have expressed to Isobel what he believed he felt. But he was only historically a Christian. Deep study, and admiration of the results of Christianity, had indeed led

him to abandon the mixture of Judaism and Atheism in which he had been educated; but he was as yet an alien, not a denizen, in the new ground of faith that he had adopted: he conformed to its institutions; he submitted (as far as a nature like his could submit) to its laws; but he had not acquired its spirit, its *patriotism*, or its self-abnegation. He soon became impatient of the distinctions between himself and Isobel in these matters; and in seeking to fix that difference upon her inferiority of mind to his,—at length he acquired the habit of looking down, at once upon her, and her more spiritual creed, as if they depended on one another.

The first points of the wedge of estrangement being introduced, the slightest pressure of every-day circumstances conduced to drive it further. The adored in Carthage—the ideal in his Eastern wanderings—the all-absorbing in Sandilee—became the trite—and at last—must it be confessed?—the wearisome wife in London!

Once more Alvaro was established in his old mansion in the City:—once more he

devoted his great energies and genius to the grand schemes of commerce. And now his name rose rapidly; and he began to feel, even in a business point of view, the glory of having sacrificed everything formerly to the preservation of his irreproachable character. The European war afforded then a wide field for speculation; and Alvaro, in his dark and quiet counting-house, influenced the great interests of armies as much almost as the foreign minister. He would fain have induced the wise and steady Paterson to join him in his new career; but when that speculative philosopher declined his offers, he was resolved to stand alone, with none to share his toils or responsibilities.

Thus, at home and abroad, he was still isolated by his pride, and by the dangerous confidence he maintained in his own strength; to the exclusion of confidence in aught else, divine or human, except, perhaps, in his old partner. To him he looked as to a preceptor: and, in truth, the friend who has shared our trials in our youth, and who has passed through them immaculate,

claims an affectionate fidelity, which few are base enough to betray.

Paterson had now returned to the old Manor-house, where he employed himself in works of beneficence, on a small scale compared with the gigantic schemes of doing good that he had formerly imagined. Still, however, he wrought with earnestness and fidelity amongst his poor neighbours; and obtained a harvest of humble love, though his glorious laurels had been blighted. All the thinking men of his time spoke of him with respect; but the stigma of failure was upon him, and he was no more invited to take a lead in public enterprise. He would not have been human if he had not felt this slight; but it is one of the graces of unselfish ambition, that its failures have no bitterness. Paterson was serene and benevolent to the last.

Years rolled on, and the wrongs of Scotland at length made themselves heard. A compensation for the sufferers by England's policy in the Darien scheme, was decreed. Paterson alone obtained no share of the tardy justice. He felt that his fair fame, as

well as his small means, suffered by this neglect; and he went to London to assert his claims.

One evening he sat with Alvaro and Isobel, in their house looking out upon the Thames. It was then no foul and reeking stream, but a fair river, in which the swans delighted. Gay barges floated on its waters; and watermen, with parti-coloured jackets, and broad badges on their arms, exercised their craft in multitudes.

The merchant and his wife sat at an open window, in the summer evening, and Paterson regarded them with astonishment. The last time that he had seen them together, Isobel was in the morning of her beauty, and Alvaro watched her every glance with deep and eager interest. Now, pale and attenuated, she sat silent and unnoticed, though a beautiful child was on her knee, with her own rich soft hair, and loving eyes, which glanced from time to time awe-stricken towards its father. Paterson laid his hand gently upon the little head, and looked at its mother anxiously and wistfully; he could not understand the

problem of sorrow that was written on her pale cheek. A sudden hectic flush betrayed how much she felt that look, and the world of memories that it awakened. Tears unbidden stood ready to fall, but restrained by long habit. The evening air streamed in, and aroused a hollow cough, at the sound of which Alvaro turned round impatiently, and Isobel retired in haste ; but the sound of that cough was audible along the passages, even through the closed door.

Alvaro seemed to be relieved by her absence ; and, turning cordially to Paterson, he began to speak of the business that had drawn him from his solitude.

“ There is another matter much nearer to my heart just now,” said Paterson, gravely ; for he had seen all the little history of that house in one glance : “ Your wife is very ill.”

“ She’s always so,” rejoined Alvaro ; “ always pining and repining about some crotchet that has no existence except in her own bigoted imagination. It’s the nature of those women to be miserable, I believe.”

“It was not always hers,” resumed Paterson; “no living creature was ever more joyous than Isobel Graeme when first you knew her.”

“Ah! yes; that was before I sacrificed myself to her, body and mind, for years. But let us talk of your affairs. She has everything that she can desire. *I* can do no more.”

“You had need to satisfy yourself well on that point,” persisted Paterson, in a solemn tone of voice. “Not as you shall answer it to me, who have so little right to advise you; but as you shall answer it to *her* faithful and departed spirit—when nothing but that once beautiful form is left to speak to you silently of bygone times.”

Alvaro started as if a dagger stabbed him.—“You do not—you dare not—tell me she is dying!” he exclaimed. All the dread meaning of that word burst upon his mind at once. He had never suspected it. Isobel had been as uncomplaining as ever. It could not, it must not be true!

He was soon by his wife’s side. Now that his eyes were opened, he could easily

see that her life was ebbing fast away. With a powerful effort he controlled, for the moment, his distracting woe. He folded his vanishing wife gently and timidly, to his heart, and once more felt the pressure of her arms. No word passed between them; they knew each other so well, and remembered so much at that moment, that words were unutterable and unnecessary.

Thenceforth Alvaro never left her, except to give vent to his despair in furious, hopeless paroxysms. Without such outpourings, he felt as if his heart would burst.

A century and a half has passed away since poor Isobel was laid, with queenly pomp, in the churchyard of Caerlaverock; her husband taking sad pleasure to linger with the funeral in the pauses of its long journey thither.

His infant child grew up in grace and beauty, idolized by her wayward but repentant father, and reaping the arrears of the affection so long withheld from her mother. When next we hear of her, Rachel de Medina was spoken of as the

loveliest and wealthiest heiress in London ;
but it was only on woman's report, for no
man except her father had ever been in her
society.

CHAPTER X.

“Go tell my good lord,” said this modest young man,

“If he will but invite me to dinner ;

I’ll be as diverting as ever I can :

I will, on the faith of a sinner.”

Anon.

As when a ship founders at sea, the water forms a distracted vortex for a few minutes, and the waves are tossed about unnaturally ; but they gradually subside, until the surface of ocean is as calm over the buried wreck as over the smoothest sand that ever formed a drowned seaman’s pillow :—so, when one of those with whom, in life’s voyage, we have been long familiar, disappears from our side, and sinks down into the mysterious grave, we feel at first as if our heart had gone down there too ; we are tossed with vain imagin-

ings and regrets, as though we never could find peace again ; but those disturbances subside inevitably, and no outward sign of them remains upon the *surface* of our lives. Thus, after a few months, Alvaro was seen as usual among the haunts of men ; his form unbent, his eyes as keen as ever, his energies apparently yet greater and more restless. Paterson, too, had returned to London, once more to urge his claims, and to confute the calumnies by which his opponents endeavoured to vindicate their injustice. He was now the guest of his prosperous friend ; when one day a visitor was announced to him under the name of Captain Law. As he had never heard of his kinsman in a military capacity, he was surprised at his presence, and still more at his magnificent dress and equipage. Fine gentleman as he was, however, Law had too much mind of his own not to appreciate it in another ; and though he looked upon Paterson as too visionary in his speculations, he still respected him for their magnitude.

“ That was a noble scheme of yours,

kinsman!" he exclaimed with honest enthusiasm. "Is it quite dead?"

"Aye, and buried;" replied Paterson. "The land that gave it birth is only haunted by its ghost, still unlaid and troubling men's minds for its unrighteous death. But believe me, it is only for a time. *The day will come, when, under a Sovereign who has conciliated the love of nations, as well as that of the British people, the Isthmus of Panama will again be peacefully invaded;* and our scheme will triumph after all."

"I doubt it not," Law rejoined; "but let later ages perform what miracles they may in that respect, you will have been their PIONEER."

"But I am now come to talk to you of another matter: you can do me a great favour by making me known to Don Alvaro, with whom I have some business of moment."

"Not to attempt to inveigle him into any of *your* schemes, I hope?" said Paterson.

"No. I am quite disinterested at pre-

sent; as far at least as it is possible for any one, except yourself, to be so. You remember Sir Standon Seignory, whose bonny Yorkshire mare I rode to death in your service some sixteen years ago?—Well; it is on *his* account that I want to propose to Don Alvaro a not unpalatable business.”

“There is no difficulty in what you desire,” said Paterson, “as far as relates to making Don Alvaro’s acquaintance. His dinner-hour is two; and if you there present yourself, you will find yourself a welcome guest.”

The dinner-hour came, and with it Law. He had a great respect for Alvaro, as for one who achieved a great success, with a reputation at the same time for wealth and liberality. But he did not allow his respect to embarrass him in any manner. On being presented to the great man, with a few well-chosen words of indirect compliment he took his seat at his table; and soon proceeded to unfold his unequalled stores of conversation, which struck the other guests with astonishment. They

were, for the most part silent men, of one leading idea, which, like the roc's egg, was too weighty to be produced except at long intervals. But Law soon extracted—and then played with them—as easily as if he had been familiar with their particular topics all his life. Alvaro at first took as little share in the conversational as in the practical part of the dinner. He ate but sparingly of the simplest food and drank only water, while his guests indulged in the rarest luxuries then known to culinary art, and in the richest wines. He only led to subjects for discussion, or assented to the observations of others. But at length, struck by some subtle paradox, which Law had started as a lure, Alvaro entered warmly into its refutation; and then the object of his guest was answered: for he knew that no conversational effort, in which the hearer does not take a part, will ever really interest him.

At length the dinner was over; and Alvaro, prepossessed in spite of himself by a talkative young man, retired with Law to discuss the business that had

brought him to his house. Over their interview we must draw the curtain, while we return some years in our story to account for Law's intimacy with our old acquaintance, Sir Standon Seignory; and to reproduce some others whose fate requires notice.

Sir Standon, as the courteous reader may recollect, was a Yorkshire baronet, who, but for his Jacobinism and his mortgages, would now have had as little to disturb his life as any man in England. His was a brave old simple soul, however, that never anticipated misfortune by anxiety, or feared to meet it when it came. He had still sufficient confidence in the cause of the Stuart to give him comfort in his loyalty; and he had still a sufficient command of money to enable him to exercise the hospitality and the charities that were associated with his very name. His influence in his neighbourhood, only bounded by his own moderation, was felt to an extent that is seldom known amongst us now; and though he, of course, eschewed and was opposed to King William's court,

he took his seat in Parliament as naturally as on the bench of magistrates.

Sir Standon, though himself a strict moralist, had, as we have seen, been a page in the days of Charles II.; and, though a courtier, had stood up stoutly for the "unity of Church and King," under his Romanizing brother, even after the sentence that dismissed him from his service. At length, wearied with the contradictions in which he perpetually found himself involved, he became disgusted with the public life of the time, and retired to his fine old residence of Hartly Chase. There, the minute but multifarious interests of a country life soon wrapped him up, and estranged him from all the pursuits of his former career. A brief period of wedlock, which had left him a widower with an only son, still further concentrated his interests on home. His large and generous sympathies found ample room to expand amongst his tenants and neighbours, and having once become concerned in the destinies of others, he could not forsake his responsibilities. Therefore age had crept

over him in the seclusion of the country. Correspondence was scanty in those days, when a single post-boy carried in his mail-bags all the letters for the North of England; and he gradually became forgotten by almost all his former associates and friends. When William of Nassau had landed at Torbay, the news spread with that mysterious and marvellous rapidity that often leaves behind the fleetest post. Immediately, Sir Standon prepared to resist "the Dutchman," and the armoury of his cavalier grandfather was hastily ransacked and fitted on his tenants; hunters assumed the names of chargers, and many a stout young ash was fitted as a pike-handle before the intelligence of the king's dastardly abdication had reached his subjects in the North. "The Dutchman" was soon firmly seated on what the Whigs asserted was the vacant throne; and Sir Standon, to console himself for this catastrophe and enliven a seclusion now deeper than ever, married again.

The lady of his second choice was a widow, and her circumstances were so

peculiar as to excite a good deal of observation; especially from Sir Standon's maiden sister, who had in vain endeavoured to warn him against the wiles of woman in general, and against widow-woman in particular. The elderly widower had long listened to such warnings with patient courtesy, if not with the respectful attention that they deserved; but a fit of the gout superinduced by William the Third's triumphant entry into London had led Sir Standon to Scarborough, and beyond the tutelary guardianship of his sister. The matrimonial catastrophe she so much dreaded took place there in the following manner.

The arrival of the wealthy baronet created great emotion in the gay little town, which was even then a place of fashion. Though verging upon half a century of years, he wore them lightly, and every one has observed how little chronology can be depended on as regards the real age of man. Sir Standon was at once pronounced to be young to all intents and purposes; and he was by no means

displeased to find himself considered in that light. The duties of a great country gentleman are very patriarchal; and they render proportionably refreshing any gentle insinuations that they have left no trace beyond the silvered hair and the furrowed brow. But in truth, there seems to be a perpetual spring of youthfulness in some hearts which animates the whole frame. The cheerful voice, the merry eye, the buoyant hope are often found in advanced years, as care and gravity are sometimes visible in early youth. In short, Sir Standon Seignory was virtually younger than many of his cotemporaries; and might have computed in activity and strength with many who were still young, but who had wasted their youthfulness in the excesses of that gross and profligate age.

Sir Standon's sister was fortunately possessed of an old friend and gossip, who resided at Scarborough. To this lady, who eagerly responded to her friend's request of observing and reporting upon the baronet's proceedings, I am indebted at

the interval of an hundred and fifty years, for an account of Sir Standon's matrimonial proceedings. It must be premised that Mistress Minerva had for some time devoted herself to the study of the dead languages,—somewhat to the neglect of their living rivals,—the former were so interestingly taught by her brother's chaplain. It is true that the chaplain had married the housekeeper, and was removed to a distant living; but “he must have been taken in by the arts of that official,” and his memory was still cherished by the spinster. Miss Minerva's first letter of instruction runs as follows :—

“ TO MRS. TILLY TROVER, AT SCARBOROUGH, THESE :

“ It is long, dear Tilly Trover, since we have met, but between you and I, it is not my fault solely. Ever since that vile Parkesite made away with poor innocent Mr. Lexicum, and made a husband and a fool of him, I have not been in spirits to go anywhere; and my brother, Sir Standon, has been in such a taking

lately about politics that our proceedings have been quite cancerous, which means (for you don't understand Latin) crab-like or backward. Indeed, I think this Penelope's web of a world is unweaving every day, and all ravelling besides. Now, my brother Sir Standon, has been grievously contrarified by the late terrible doings at Whitehall, to our poor dear king and his unnatural children. (How happy we must feel, dear Tilly, in being free from such affiliations, though no doubt we should have brought up ours better, if we had weakly run the risk of being mother to Stadtholderesses, or any other child of flesh.) I say my brother, Sir Standon, has been in such a taking since the Dutch invasion of this poor country that I did not like to leave him ; especially, as young Harold, my nephew, is away to a foreign school. Yet now, when he is going to visit Scarborough, I am obliged to abide here, and see that his house is not entirely ate up by the pampering varlets and queans that he thinks it necessary to sustain ; and which I liken to a barrack-full of liveried

men and maids, militant against all peace and proper economy. But, oh! Tilly, I tremble to think of all the dangers that my poor brother Sir Standon will be exposed to in your dissipated town, and me not there to protect his susceptible heart from the infamous devices of the man-catchers who lie there in wait for such prey, and whose iniquitous arts I know full well. On you alone, Tilly, under Providence, I now rely; not indeed to watch over my poor unprotected brother, for that is the province of a sister only;—but to inform me almost diurnally (regardless of postage expense) of his proceedings, and of the operations of the enemy. I hope the Ribston pippins and the deer's kidneys reached you safely. Your affectionate and trusting friend,

“MINERVA SEIGNORY.”

The reply to this epistle was carefully preserved with it in the old lumber-room of Hartly Chase. It details the catas-

trophe so prophetically dreaded by the anxious sister :

“ TO MRS. MINERVA SEIGNORY,

“ Had I not always had the highest opinion of your mental as well as ornamental powers, my dearest and honoured friend, I should have been quite astonished at your foresight. Latin must surely open the female understanding wonderfully, and an able tutor expand the capacities; and indeed the Rev. Master Lexicum was doubtless a man of great parts, or he would not have acquired an interest in your feelings.”

[And here, be it observed parenthetically, that Minerva Seignory *had* a kind heart, though her temper and her pride prevented all, except her gossip and the poor, from giving her credit for it.]

“ And so, no doubt, learning is a great thing; and as it prepared you for what has happened, so I hope it will enable you to bear it; for surely enough Sir Standon is on the very verge of unmiti-

gated matrimony! It is a widow, too, and so horridly handsome, that she is sure to rule him sovereignly with her large, dark, wild eyes."

"It is but a week, as you well know, since Sir Standon arrived in our town, and filled everybody's attention, (notwithstanding two shipwrecks, and a very mysterious birth at No. 20, in the crescent: you know who I mean.) About a week before Sir Standon's arrival, the fatal widow had settled herself amongst us, with a Spanish maid and a negro footman, two green monkeys, and a macaw, and other curiosities. The maid does not understand English, and the lacquey does not, I believe, understand any human tongue; so that all our endeavours to learn her particulars have hitherto been vain. Well, she spent the first night at the inn, and the next day hired the lonesome sort of house next the sea. There she sat in the balcony in the fine evening, and sang in the most shameless manner,—not that there was any harm in the song,—but it was wonderfully

indiscreet to sing in a public watering-place; though, to be sure, she did not know there was any one listening; but I *did* happen to be there, for I was naturally curious to know why she was not in the pump-room: and as I was moving cautiously round the cliff, who should I meet but Sir Standon, who was stealing towards the house as fast as I was stealing away from it, and we ran against one another; and as I stumbled he caught me in his arms, and I felt so strange that I ejaculated, and the widow looked down from her balcony and laughed outright, shameless as she was. Well, I naturally fainted, or so nearly, that Sir Standon thundered at the widow's door for help, and carried me in, without asking leave. Then indeed the widow came down-stairs, and was quite over civil with her scent-bottles, and canary wine, and peacock fans. At last I recovered sufficiently to enter a sedan-chair and be carried home; but ah! dear friend, I reproached myself with my weakness as an infidelity to thee, for it

ended by Sir Standon remaining behind in the syren's very house. In half an hour after, it is true, he was at the pump-room, sipping his ratafia very composedly, and I must say was very handsome in his manner, hoping I had come by no harm. Soon after, enters the widow, with her foreign sounding voice, (though sweet it is, as must be owned,) and her grand gown of silk taffeta, and pearls on her neck as big as white currants. She is rich, there can be no doubt of that. It is not that her glass coach is of a new pattern, or that her horses are from Russia, her jennet from Spain, her lap-dog from Pomerania, and nothing vulgar or English about her,—but there is that brightness and whiteness about everything she wears, and a certain easy conscience when she gives a shilling to a beggar, that gives me the impression she's rich: why I've counted her unfold three clean pocket-handkerchiefs in one day, besides what she might have done when I was not watching her! Well, the minute she came into the room, Sir

Standon walks up to her with the highest compliments and the lowest bows. He stayed by her all the time she remained, and then asked leave to escort her home. So they went away, and the town saw very little of either of them for two or three days more; and then she was leaning upon his arm, and it instantly transpired that they were to be married—utterly married next Sunday! Now for the backwardness of this communication to you; you must know that Sir Standon made silence on the subject a particular request, saying that he did not wish you to be agitated by the intelligence until all was over, when he will write too; but I thought it my duty not to keep this great matter from you longer than three days; and so you have it all now, and I will pray that your mental capabilities may enable you to bear it as it ought to be borne.

“Your affectionate friend and well-wisher,

“T. TROVER.”

“P.S. I forgot to tell you about Sir

Standon's great friend, Captain Law, who has been running away with all the men's money and the ladies' hearts. He is to be bridegroom's man, and is going away with the happy couple to Hartly Chase."

"P.S. Sir Standon has just been here, in my humble apartment, and bid me to the wedding, which is to be very private. He asked my good wishes in such a handsome manner that I could not refuse; and indeed, with so rich and beautiful a wife I think (if you approve the match) there can't be much harm in it. Though none of us here can tell who the lady is, she *MUST* (we all now think) be somebody."

Mistress Tilly Trover's letter comprises all that could be said about this marriage of Sir Standon Seignory. By the same post dispatch that carried Mistress Tilly Trover's missive, the bridegroom sent an affectionate letter acquainting his sister with the step which he had taken, and hoping that Hartly Chase would not be less, but rather more, her home, henceforth, than it had always been

The worthy simple-hearted old baronet was duly wedded to the beautiful widow, and disappeared with his prize from Scarborough, and all its inquisitions, accompanied by his friend Law on horseback.

The newly made Lady Seignory was as much a mystery to her bridegroom as she was to Mistress Trover, as far as regarded her antecedents. Sir Standon only knew that she was the arbitress of his destiny; and she possessed such a commanding air, that between his loving awe and his punctilious courtesy, he did not dare to inquire more than she was pleased to inform him. Sometimes, indeed, he would seem rather wistful and curious, though more in gesture than in words; but he was always easily repressed, and his bride seemed so grateful for his forbearance that he almost congratulated himself in the ignorance that still possessed him.

CHAPTER XI.

We are Fortune's children.—True, she's a fickle mother ; but she has smiles in store, and her frowns are meant to brighten them.

The Gamester.

HARTLY CHASE received its master and his bride with all due pomp and rejoicings. Her dark eyes brightened with pride and pleasure as the noble parks and ancient woods displayed themselves before her. Sir Standon had never felt proud of his possessions until he saw them admired by Lady Seignory. He felt proud, too, when the yeoman-tenants gathered round the carriage with awkward respectful eagerness to obtain a sight of her. Thousands of hearty honest voices shouted her name ;

the sky was darkened with the caps flung up; the very ale that soon flowed in rivers was neglected; the hounds broke loose from their neglected kennel, and bayed round the clamorous crowds; the deer gathered in frightened groups far off on the hills among the trees; the rooks soared high in air, startled from their leafy cradles.

Mistress Minerva, arrayed in an enormous hoop, and a cap like a may-pole in height and profuse floweriness, awaited her brother at his wide hall-door. She curtsied in the most stately manner as her new sister was presented to her, and when she found herself unceremoniously caught in her embrace, she almost screamed with surprise. Nor was her equanimity restored when a tall, dark-eyed young gentleman dismounted from the horse on which he had attended Sir Standon's coach, and running up the hall-door steps slapped the respectable spinster on the back to prevent what he believed to be hysterics. Indeed in her embarrassment, the poor lady thought it advisable

to seem faint, and the young gentleman in the next moment supported her to a large wooden chair, thrust his plume in the hall fire, and held the burnt feathers so close to her nose that she was fain to come to herself quickly in order to escape the effluvia.

When the excitement consequent on these operations had a little subsided, Sir Standon presented the officious stranger as Captain William Law, who, happening to be at Scarborough, had officiated at the wedding, had escorted the married couple, and was now come to spend some time at Hartly Chase. The young stranger stood in a deferential attitude, with hat in hand, placed upon his breast, and looking down upon the ground, while these particulars were being narrated. Then, as it were recovering himself; he bade the bride welcome in the name of all her people, called for wine to drink her health, and shook hands heartily with every one, and then vanished out of the door, as the newly married couple retired from the hall. His

voice might soon have been heard in the stable-yard, giving orders in all directions, blaming this, praising that, and finding somewhat to remark upon and to alter in everything. The burly old coachman attempted to make some stand against this invasion of his sovereignty, and the grooms gazed stupidly first at their accustomed officer, and then at the usurper. But in the end the young stranger's high spirits, good-humour, and air of authority carried all before him. He made a rapid survey of the stables, the kennels, and the falcon mews; before supper-time he had tried the paces of three horses, caught a pike in one of the stews, struck down a belated heron with a sleepy falcon, and drawn a badger with Mistress Minerva's own pampered, but still game little terrier. He returned to the house crowned with all the glory that the servants' hall could give.

In the evening the Manor-house was thrown open to the neighbours. They flocked from far and near to do honour to the worthy baronet, and to gaze upon his

bride. Sir Standon's large heart opened freely to them all, and every one found an individual welcome that brightened over them long after they had passed by their host. His broad, manly brow was surrounded by a huge white periwig, whose ample curls flowed down upon his shoulders: his ample vest, of richly-embroidered satin, was surmounted with a broadly-lapelled coat, stiff with lace: diamond buckles shone upon his high-heeled shoes, and lace that might make a cardinal jealous, hung in profusion from his sleeves and low cravat. It was a noble, pompous style of costume that prevailed in those days, with something antique in its appearance that harmonized well with the ancestral pretensions of those who were privileged to wear it. It required somewhat of a stately presence, not to say a portly one—the product of generous cheer and self-satisfaction.

No one who saw Sir Standon that night, with hospitable pleasure glowing in his face, and giving energy to the grasp of his hand, could have supposed that care and anxiety were lying in wait to seize their

prey, when the pleasure of the hour had ceased to render him superior to their influence.

He *was* superior to them for the time, at all events: and as lumbering coach, and saddle-horse, and pillion poured in the travellers into his halls, he was right glad and joyous, and forgot his creditors and their oppression. Meanwhile Captain Law, (the Captain, as he was at once entitled,) having donned a suit of pink and silver, seemed to have changed the inward with the outward man. He was now ceremoniously polite to every guest, and gratuitously took the task of vice-host upon himself. Amongst other arrangements, he organized, with wonderful celerity, several tables for basset, ombre, and picquet; and especially interested himself about a great table for a game of faro. Having collected elderly parties for each, he left them, though with a wistful look, and devoted himself energetically to the younger guests. "A hall" was soon made; and notwithstanding her causes for fatigue, Lady Seignory was led off by her guest to dance

a country-dance, which she performed with extraordinary grace. She then retired for the evening, and her partner returned to the ball. The spirit of enjoyment is wonderfully contagious among simple-hearted people; and the young stranger himself, though far from deserving that epithet, was soon absorbed in a sort of revelry that he had been a stranger to since his childhood. As he floated by with another partner in a minuet, he was suddenly encountered by a foreign-looking man, whose wan face was deeply marked by weather or by temper; and presented the aspect of one who, engaged in strife, has just paused to take breath. Law started for a moment when he met his dark, calm gaze fixed upon him; but soon recovering himself, he observed that his panting partner "must be fatigued," and led her to a seat. Then indirectly approaching the person whose appearance had so struck him, he exchanged a passing word, and drew carelessly near to the faro-table. The players, who seemed puzzled about the game, eagerly made way for him, and he at once offered to keep the

bank. The offer was accepted; money was poured out, and freely backed by the versatile individual, who seemed more at home in his present occupation than in any of his former ones. Fortune frowned on him, however; his money was swept away, and yet his smile and cheerful tone of voice was unaltered. Another bank was made, and with the same result. Still smiling, the gambler now turned to the dark stranger who stood behind his chair, and held out his hand, in which a well-filled purse—not the puny purse of our days, but a portly leathern bag—was instantly placed. The players, now flushed with success, poured out their coin more freely. The golden effigies of James and William rolled together on the green field of fight; when lo! a conquering card leaped from the banker's hand, and transferred the spoil to the bold banker. Still Law smiled, and playfully proposed *revanche* to all his antagonists. Some rose from the table with rueful faces; but in that time, when play was so universal a passion, such places were soon filled up. The attention of the room became gradually

concentred on the faro-table, where Law was lavishing gold at one deal, and sweeping it up in piles around him at another, with undisturbed serenity. His lively conversation never flagged: he appeared to be playing solely for amusement, and never appeared to count the money as he took it up: yet, when a recruiting-officer returned only nine instead of half-a-score gold pieces, he tapped the table impatiently, and cast upon his antagonist a look which they who only saw his smiles, would have believed impossible; and which immediately brought the offender to apologise for his "mistake." The game gradually increased in excitement and intensity. The faces of the players, now flushed, now paled, as hope or fear prevailed: aged men, with ponderous periwigs; young beauties, with powdered locks; swaggering captains; rubicund divines;—all lent themselves to the greatest and meanest of all temporary excitements. Money rolled to-and-fro in golden tides beneath the stirring influence: fortunes ebbed and flowed; ruin and wealth alternated in every deal. High above all, sat

the young accomplished gamester, still increasing in his efforts and his power to please; still apparently the only unconcerned person there; still casting over the whole group, and their dangerous employment, an air and tone of joyous recklessness.

At length, the vehemence of the players attracted Sir Standon to the scene of action. Sir Standon at once perceived, and with acute regret, that the play had reached a height far above the means of his worthy neighbours. To him the circumstances of almost every one there were well known; and he listened with painful astonishment to the hoarse, anxious voices that proffered half-a-year's income on a single card:—to such a pitch had the dealer's art stimulated their infatuation. The worthy host, too, was angry at the use to which his hospitality had been perverted; but when he looked at his dangerous young friend, he could not help admiring his tact, his boldness, his self-command, and his vivid, yet almost imperceptible, vigilance

The celebrated Law was then about

thirty years of age, very tall, slight in figure, sinewy, and active. Dark and glowing eyes and black brows surmounted a bold aquiline nose : his aspect would have been stern, but for the sweetness of his smile : his manner was irresistible ;—it seemed at the same time to command and to sue for the interest which he never failed to excite. His volubility was marvellous, not only in quantity, but in the quality of what he uttered. His conversation, his air, the very tones of his voice, seemed to inspire confidence, and to promote that sort of gaiety which intoxicates.

Sir Standon, always a man of good purpose, but always infirm in it, turned away, and the game went on rapidly as before ;—ruin and despair working darkly under the smiles and sparkling sallies that made the gambling party seem all-joyous to the thoughtless eyes of the lookers-on. Gold still flowed towards the bold “banker,” and more than once the encumbering piles of the precious metal had been swept away, and transferred to the insatiable pockets of the dark stranger who stood behind the young

gambler's chair. When money was exhausted, watches, rings, necklaces, earrings, were staked against the dangerous decoy of the banker's solid rouleaus; and almost always with the same results. One mere boy,—whose dress and style seem to bespeak a foreigner, and who had hitherto stood aloof, watching the game with grave but eager eyes,—stepped forward as Sir Standon retired, and placed a pocket-book on the board. The banker, good-humouredly shaking his head, declined to play against an unknown stake: the player quietly withdrew his book, and was about to return it to his pocket, when the banker consented, as if reluctantly, to accept his challenge. The book was again thrown upon the table, and again the dealer gave out his cards. The boy thrust his right-hand inside his vest, and looked calmly on. His card turned up a winner, and he slowly unclasped his stake. Two new Bank-notes for five hundred pounds were seen reposing in the leaves. As his fingers unfolded the paper, Law's quick eyes observed that those small fingers were tinged with blood: in

the interval of suspense, they had dug into their owner's flesh, as he stood in apparent carelessness, with his hand seeming to repose upon his heart. The Captain, with a smile bright as ever, and complimentary of the courage and coolness of his young adversary, pushed over towards him ten piles of gold, one hundred pieces in each. The winner then entered systematically into the game, which acquired a new impulse from the temporary check that the bank had received.

Sir Standon again approached the table in painful suspense and doubt. If he interrupted the game, the losers would think themselves aggrieved; if he allowed it to continue, he trembled for the consequences.

At length an incident decided him: the boy, who kept his back carefully turned towards the baronet, speedily lost all his winnings, and a considerable part of his own capital besides. Impatiently he placed the whole remaining sum on one card. He lost, and rose from the table, still perfectly self-possessed; but the paleness that all

along had pervaded his face, now extended to his lips. He slowly folded up the empty pocket-book, and was moving away among the crowd, when the Captain also rose from the table, motioned to the dark man who had stood beside his chair, to take his place, and followed the retreating steps of his boyish opponent. He overtook him ere he left the room ; and after a few words, took his arm, and walked out upon the terrace with him.

When the new banker had began to deal the cards, Sir Standon interposed and requested that the game might cease. The stranger haughtily refused ; alleging that his friend's honour was concerned in giving the losers their revenge, and that no gentleman would be justified in interfering at such a time. Sir Standon rejoined ; but the banker proceeded to deal. Many of the guests, in compliance with their host's wish, now rose from the table ; some, rendered desperate, sat still and called on the banker to proceed. Sir Standon, pale with anger, but restraining himself to the courtesy which was to him a perfect law, advanced towards

the audacious stranger and addressed him very gravely :

“ I am at a loss, sir,” he said, “ to understand your conduct ; I am still more at a loss to understand to what circumstance I am indebted for the honour of seeing you in my house ? ”

The stranger for a moment fixed his eyes angrily on Sir Standon, and replied :

“ Your friend and mine, the Captain, will explain all that. He will tell you that I did not enter this house uninvited ; and I can tell you that your future fate depends very much upon my will.”

Sir Standon’s ire was now effectually roused, not so much by the gambler’s proceeding with his deal, as by the imputation on his want of courtesy, and the insinuation that he was in the stranger’s power. Just as he was about to speak, however, the Captain stood by his side ; laid his hand deprecatingly on his arm, and walked up to the stranger.

“ Have you not heard our worthy host ? ” he exclaimed. “ Sir Standon Seignory desires that the play should cease.”

"And Count Monti desires that the play should go on, and that these worthy gentlemen should not have reason to consider themselves robbed," retorted the stranger very haughtily.

"Then the Count will do *me* the honour of giving me the first card," rejoined the Captain very blandly, as he sat down to the table, and without opposition separated half the winnings from the banker's side to his own. The Count hesitated for a moment, and then tried to telegraph his insubordinate friend by looks which were quite lost upon the impassive, ever smiling Captain.

"Come, come, Count," he exclaimed, "the game waits: there's a thousand to invite you."

The other players eagerly backed the bold challenger, and the sum was soon doubled. In order to arrest the movement, the Count declared that the game was made, and dealt. For once the Captain was silent and abstracted; he watched with vivid and unwinking eyes every movement of the dealer, who evidently quailed beneath his scrutiny. The cards flew forth.

The Count lost !

The Captain doubled his stake ; the other players imitated him. The stake was now immense ; the excitement became general. Crowds pressed round the table, and even Sir Standon, notwithstanding his ire and discomposure, bent all his attention to the game. Almost every eye was fixed on the Captain, whose hands seemed to manage his cards without supervision ; his brilliant eyes actually glowed with the earnestness of his watchfulness as the Count dealt again. It would have been impossible for any legerdemain to baffle that keen scrutiny.

Again the cards flew forth ; the Count lost,—and with clenched teeth distributed all his remaining gold among the winners. He was obliged to begin with the Captain, and he had not enough to finish with the other players. An angry and scornful murmur began to be heard. The Captain pushed over a pile of gold to his friend. The winners were all paid. The game was over, and the Captain rising from the table, apologized gaily and gracefully to his host

for having even for a little while transgressed his commands.

But the worthy baronet was overjoyed—he grasped the Captain's hand warmly, and declared his obligation to him was immense.

“Not only,” he added, “have you put a stop to that insolent fellow's career, but my excellent, though very poor friend there, has been saved from ruin, I suspect, by the two last deals.”

“Excellent sir,” replied the Captain, “as I was the unfortunate occasion of the Count's trespass on your hospitality, I was at least bounden to prevent his causing you annoyance. But, in truth, as he was the person of whom I spoke as willing to advance you the money you required, I took the liberty of writing to him at York to come hither on this occasion. He is now chafed, and is one not easily soothed. I must try however to appease him, with your permission.”

So saying, the Chevalier bowed, and withdrew, followed by the eyes of all.

CHAPTER XII.

Aye!—and hadst thou eyes behind thou might'st see detraction following thee, as fortune before.—*Twelfth Night*.—SHAKSPERE.

THE party dispersed soon after midnight, and soon were widely scattered over the surrounding roads and lanes, each family or group on its homeward way, and each making the Captain, as well as Sir Standon, their chief subject of discussion.

Meanwhile, the former followed the angry Count along a moonlit terrace towards a little inn in the village, where his horses were awaiting him. The Count heard his steps, but proceeded in angry silence on his way. The Captain grasped him

by the shoulder, and addressed him in a low deep voice, very different from the joyous tones by which he had fascinated the attention of Sir Standon's guests.

"Monti!" said he, "what mean you by this petulance,—this sulky humour so unworthy of the genius and the mind that has subdued thousands, yet cannot control itself?"

The Count turned hastily round, shook off the hand that pressed his arm, and flinging aside his cloak laid his hand upon his sword. At the same moment that of the Chevalier glimmered in the moonlight; he was evidently only on his guard, however, and he resumed his speech in the same calm voice :

"You have already sufficiently outraged this hospitable house; do not consummate your unseemly folly by a brawl."

The Captain spoke thus, for he knew that it would be easier to soothe down a new asperity than arrange the old one. He continued—

"You need not talk defiance to me, Count Monti; we both know that there

is little love between us, but to-morrow morning you will be of my opinion that it is better to resume our former footing than to squabble about a game of cards. I shall call on you early at the village inn : if I find you have not waited for me, I shall hold our partnership dissolved, and you know which of us will be the greatest sufferer thereby. Meanwhile, as I played to-night by your desire, the winnings shall be yours. There is the contents of the bank !”

So saying the Captain held out the purse, or rather a bag of gold to his hesitating confederate, who firmly put it from him, and stalked away in silence. The Captain flung it contemptuously after him, and returned towards the house. He well knew that the money would not be thrown away.

As he drew near the house, where some lights still remained unextinguished, he encountered the boy who had staked his pocket-book and lost it at the faro-table.

“ I could not rest,” said the boy, “ with-

out once more expressing to you my warmest thanks for your unparalleled generosity this evening; at the same time I have to apologise for unintentionally acting as a spy upon you; but as I watched for you, I observed you following yon angry stranger, and thinking I might be useful in case of a quarrel, I remained near enough to hear your conversation."

"Humph! and what did you think of it?" was the reply;—"but I need not ask; I see that you deem it strange that a man who could restore a thousand pounds to a stranger should be in league with a scoundrel. Well! so it is. I have known him for years, and I could laugh to see him a beggar: I never saw you till to-night, but I could not make up my mind to ruin you. I read your character in your countenance and in your bearing at the card-table. I saw that you were made for better things than the desperado or the suicide; that my work might at length have caused you to become. Nay, do not frown or start; I am still young, though double your age; but I have lived

with my eyes and ears open, and my thoughts intent on every look, and word, and tone of my fellow-men. It is on this that I have lived and made a fair fortune with fair repute. Hereafter you may know me better, and understand my relation with the sharper who has just left us. One favour I have to ask of you for the present: and for the rest—whither are you going?”

“I intend to remain here; perhaps in this very house; and for the favour, anything not injurious to my honour that I can ever do for you you may swear is done.”

“Good! Then swear to me on that honour you are so chary of, that you will never again touch cards or dice? I see that you are as yet a stranger to their accursed experience. I shudder to think what you would have to go through before you could use them safely as I do.”

The young boy, with a wondering look, gave solemnly the required promise, and then timidly implored his strange companion at least to take back half the winnings he had so generously refunded.

“Not a stiver of it,” exclaimed the Captain; “nor need you feel under any obligation to me. I did not observe, when I dealt to you, that the cards had just been “made” by that scoundrel behind my chair. I only knew it when the ace turned up: it had no business to be there. If you and your elder fellow-players had not been too excited, you would have seen that it was already played. There—enough of this. We may yet be friends.”

So saying, the gambler shook hands with his convert, and returned to the house.

The next morning, before the dew was off the grass, our Captain betook himself to the village: he tracked his own footsteps and those of the Count along the dewy terrace, and a contemptuous expression passed over his handsome countenance when he observed that the steps of his confederate had returned to where the rejected bag had lain.

“Mean-spirited villain!” he muttered; “though rolling in ill-gotten wealth, he could not resist the lure that rendered his anger and his conduct alike contemptible.”

He reached the inn : the Count was just gone. He might be easily overtaken. The Captain's hand was on the stable-bell as he reflected for a moment, with knitted brows. In another moment he turned away, and walked back towards Sir Standon's house, with his usual light and unconcerned air.

Breakfast was late, so late as eight o'clock, to the great distress of Mistress Minerva, who had been fidgetting about the house long before. She assured the Captain, who was already in her good graces, that she had never remembered such a late breaking of fast since she first knew Hartly Chase;—but she checked herself as she was about to state the length of that epoch, as it synchronised with his own existence.—“And Sir Standon not even yet makes his appearance !” she continued ; “I am not surprised at his fair lady wife giving herself lie-a-bed airs ; but really, at his time of life, Sir Standon ought to know better how to conduct himself.”

At that moment her brother entered, holding in his hand an open letter. He

looked embarrassed; and in his manner of saluting his guest there was more formality than he had yet exhibited. But the Captain was not easily disconcerted. He saw at a glance that the letter was in Monti's hand-writing, and he took that refuge in truth which a coward would have sought in falsehood.

"I see, Sir Standon," he exclaimed, cheerfully, "that you are in correspondence with the sharper who last night attempted to abuse your hospitality. I know him well, and am glad to observe, by his writing to you, that he has freed you from his presence."

"I thought—I thought that you said he was a friend of yours?" hesitatingly observed Sir Standon.

"He has been, I regret to say, an *associate* of mine, in some of those places which it would have been wiser to avoid. But until last night, I never believed him capable of dishonourable practices. We have been lately holding a bank of faro in partnership, and last night he placed in my hand a pack of cards which might have

compromised my honour. I paid back what I had unfairly won, and followed my partner to demand an account of the transaction. We quarrelled, of course."

"And there is the result!" exclaimed Sir Standon, greatly relieved, as he tossed over the letter to his guest, who read thus :

"SIR STANDON SEIGNORY,

"This is to inform you that you are extending your hospitality to one of the most dangerous and unworthy of men. I endeavoured last night to arrest his career of knavery ; but your hastiness prevented me. I know the man I speak of well, and warn you to beware of him. I shall have the honour of seeing you again ere long. Keep this letter secret, and watch him closely.

"Your most humble Servant,

"MONTI."

The Captain smiled scornfully as he read, and returned the letter. "You will be spared the trouble of watchfulness, Sir Standon," he observed, "for I must take my leave of you this day. This Monti, as

he calls himself, has the power to do me injury in London, and evidently does not lack the will. I must, therefore, thank you heartily and hastily for all your kindness and hospitality, and now take my leave."

Law had become acquainted with Count Monti at Genoa, during one of his few reverses of fortune. Monti, who had admired his skill, and still more his good fortune in play, took an opportunity of offering him fifty thousand crowns, on condition that the fortunate Scot should enter into a partnership with him for a year. Law, sorely pressed for money, accepted the proposal, and the partners had made a successful faro campaign at Venice, Paris, and Amsterdam. Thence, crossing over to England, fortune had likewise favoured them in London; and they had been making a tour of the provinces, when from York, Law was tempted to make an excursion to Scarborough: there he resumed his old acquaintance with Sir Standon Seignory, who had confessed to him his desire to obtain a loan of money. Law, knowing that Monti possessed a large

sum, proposed to him to invest it in a mortgage on Sir Standon's property. Hence the meeting, and subsequent events at Hartly Chase.

On his arrival in London, Law found, as he expected, that Monti had revived the old prosecution against him, on account of his duel with Wilson; and this once more obliged him to leave England; but he had learned enough of Monti's former history to obtain his expulsion at the same time; and the adventurers met at Paris without any mutual surprise, where they renewed a sort of offensive and defensive league of neutrality—notwithstanding all that had passed before.

We now return to the breakfast-table at Hartly Chase, to which Lady Seignory at length descended, and was very formally greeted by Miss Minerva, who intended that her manner should imply a civil reproach for her ladyship's late hours.

Soon afterwards, Sir Standon withdrew to the terrace, where he observed a youth asleep upon a bench within an arbour. He drew gently near; but the boy rose sud-

denly, and to his surprise, he beheld his son Harold, whom he believed at that moment to be pursuing his studies on the banks of the Rhine. As soon as the first glad greetings were over, Harold explained that, having been threatened with punishment for refusing to betray one of his companions, he had run away from his preceptor. Sir Standon was so pleased to see his son, that he forgave his offence against discipline, and the boy himself, without opposition, installed in all his old possessions and amusements at the Chase.

Lady Seignory soon became acquainted with the events of the past night, and they led to a confession of Sir Standon's pecuniary difficulties. She seemed pleased rather than otherwise on hearing of them, and told her husband that she had sixty thousand pounds at his disposal. This agreeable intelligence placed the Baronet at ease in one respect; but it deprived him, as he conceived, of all control over a wife so richly endowed and so liberal.

Thenceforth the lady had everything her own way; and, indeed, she was one

of those peculiar persons who would have ruled as despotically in a fisherman's hut as in the precincts of Hartly Chase. Mistress Minerva and she, of course, soon came into collision, which terminated in the defeat, and finally in the retreat of the former. She fled to her sympathising friend, Mistress Trover, at Scarborough, and found some consolation in dwelling on the fulfilment of her anticipations concerning marrying ladies, and the still more fatal section—marrying widows.

Lady Seignory at first tried to win her step-son's affection, but in vain. The resolute boy always refused to give her the epithet of mother, and gradually estranged himself from her imperious society. Sir Standon bore with his wife more patiently, and bowed his head to a temper which, daily developing itself, took from the love he still bore her most of its charms, and all its consolations. He had found only a temporary relief even in her fortune; but his having spent it neutralised even the faint attempt at resistance that he might otherwise have made. When this was

confessed, there was a new reason for not contradicting the despot of his household. His affairs were again become embarrassed, and that additional trial (in which his wife was the last person from whom he thought of receiving sympathy) bore heavily upon him. But a climax was approaching.

It was the custom at Hartly Chase to afford refreshment to every wayfarer who turned out of his road to seek it. A bench, with a roof, was provided for such poor travellers near the kitchen door, and there was ever a trencher of meat and a mug of ale ready for them. One day a sailor presented himself to the notice of the steward, and received the usual hospitalities. He had a budget of news, which he related in so amusing a manner, that the steward, perceiving his respectable appearance, invited him into the buttery to have a toast and a cup of mulled ale.

The sailor was a kind of philosopher, it appeared, and withal a little curious. He inquired of the steward what sort of character his mistress bore. The domestic

opened his stores of information freely, and did not draw a very flattering portrait.

“Sometimes,” he said, “she gets up at the wrong side o’ the bed, as they say; and then the whole house soon knows of it. She comes down-stairs in such a combustible state, that she catches fire at the first word, which is generally some mild observation of Sir Standon’s. On him falls the first weight of the storm, spoiling his breakfast, souring his cream, and sending him away to his sport or his business half-fasting. Then she rushes up to the work-room; housekeeper’s sobs and sempstresses’ wail immediately ensue. Then she sweeps along down the stairs, when the housemaid receives her portion of the ‘anger wind,’ as her nigger calls scolding. The footmen shut themselves up in the pantry, the butler rushes out of the house on some business; poor cook, however, has no retreat, though her kitchen-maids desert her for the darkest corner of the scullery. But cook is equal to the trial; her temper is as sharp as her tongue, sharper than that of the mistress. She shows fight;

‘she won’t be put upon ;’ and the missus recoils from the attack, parleys, compromises, and retires to her own apartment well breathed, and, upon the whole, seeming well satisfied with her morning’s work.”

“Bad enough,” replied the seaman ; “a sort of purgatory from which no saintly prayers can save. The sinner is the man, depend on’t, to stop that sort of thing. When a woman’s temper is squally, you must look out, and luff up into it, or you’re down on your beam-ends to a certainty. In man, anger is foolish enough, but in woman it’s downright insanity and indecency : it’s far kinder to the poor critters to bring them up at once with a round turn, than let ’em run on to the ruin of our peace, and their own souls, maybe.”

The steward, who was himself a married man, responded to this sentiment very heartily, and took leave of his wayfaring friend with regret. The latter, heaving his bundle on his back, and grasping a stout oaken stick, proceeded on his journey.

Soon after this, Lady Seignory was sitting

on the bench where her step-son had been discovered asleep by his father. The terrace was now her favourite haunt ; and in consequence, it was deserted by every living creature to whom peace was dear. A clipped yew hedge supported the back of the bench on which the lady sat. She remained for some time musing, and, apparently, in far from a happy mood. Yet she was mistress of all that her heart could desire, as far as the world knew. But how little *does* that world know ! A desolate and embittered heart lay hid within her still beautiful bosom ; and its reflection was now visible on her countenance.

Suddenly she started. Her eyes shone with excitement. A trembling seized her. Again ! She had twice heard a well-known voice.

“ Marina ! ” she heard once more uttered, and the sailor stood before her. She did not scream or faint, but she turned deadly pale ; and her first impulse was to cast a searching glance all round, to ascertain that no other eye beheld her consternation and

her shame. She then addressed the stranger in Spanish.

“ Evil genius, as thou hast ever been to me, what brings you here? Do you still envy me—my happiness? Do you desire my wealth? Take what you can, and be gone, for the love of heaven!”

The stranger, instead of obeying her, threw himself with careless ease beside her, and replied in the same language:

“ A truce, *amiga mia*, with your tears! I come to talk to you on business. I have lived a little too long to be sentimental. Now, Marina, I have behaved very handsomely to you, you must confess. I have left you almost all your money, though by all law justly mine. You have had your amusement, your luxury, and your loves; and I have been living a hard life of it by sea and land. I have lately had a confounded run of ill luck, and I want a few thousands to set me up again. Nay,—now I speak of it,—you yourself, with those eyes, and that voice of yours, would be of considerable use to me. Yes!—yes!—we will

set up a faro bank, and roam over Europe together; and we'll have your dowry besides. Get away, and put on your travelling clothes. I have got a chaise at the end of the wood waiting for you, and I can prosecute my claims on your *soi-disant* husband as well at a distance."

Marina looked steadily in the face of her evil genius, as she called him, and sought for some gleam of hope there; but there was none. Hard, and ruthless, and resolute he was; and an angry fire was kindling in his eyes as she hesitated.

"Begone!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Death!—do you think that *I* am to be trifled with and trampled on, like the old dotard you've been living with?"

The temper of the woman quailed before the ferocity of the man; and she obeyed as meekly as Alice would have done. Just then, the stranger perceived Sir Standon alighting from his horse; and he proceeded fearlessly to meet him. The Baronet returned his salute courteously, and prepared himself to listen to some demand for assist-

ance. The stranger abruptly addressed him :

“ Do you know, Sir Standon, the history of that lady who has just entered your house ? ”

“ Sirrah ! ” exclaimed Sir Standon, haughtily ; “ I never desire to know anything of that lady, except from her own lips. ”

“ Sir Standon, ” persisted the stranger, “ I must be plain with you. You may observe that I am not in a dress suitable to my condition. I ask your pardon for presenting myself before you in disguise. I thought that I might have done my business here unnoticedly, and not have disturbed your peace ; but I have changed my mind. That lady is *my wife* ; and I now claim her. ”

“ O save me !—save me from him ! ” shrieked the unhappy woman, running out upon the terrace, and throwing herself on Sir Standon’s neck.

“ Seize this villain ! ” shouted Sir Standon, to half-a-dozen servants, who now appeared at the hall-door. They rushed upon the

stranger ;—half-a-dozen dogs began to bark ; peacocks screamed : Sir Standon swore ; the lady shrieked ; but the stranger's voice was heard over all the din, pitched in a tone that few had ever heard without quailing.

“ Stand off ! ” he shouted. “ By heaven, the first man who touches me dies ! ”

As he spoke, he drew from his doublet a long, keen knife, that glittered in the eyes of his assailants like a flash of lightning. The menials recoiled. Sir Standon wrathfully drew his sword ; and throwing off the arms that clung to him, was about to rush upon the audacious stranger. But just then a new actor appeared upon the stage. Young Harold, returning from shooting, and seeing the tumult, had hastened to the spot, with his gun still in his hand.

“ Hold, father ! ” he exclaimed ; “ and let it not be said that you refused justice at your own door. Surely this man must have some right, or he would not put it forth so boldly, and against such odds.”

“ Here is a mere boy,” exclaimed the stranger, “ who has more sense than you

all put together. Marina! answer me before the eyes of heaven—are you not my wife?”

The unhappy woman, collecting all her energies for one last venture, appealed to Sir Standon :

“Whatever may be the result of this most cruel trial,” she said, in a low firm voice, “I have not wronged you, Sir Standon. I may not have been—I *have* not been to you, the wife that your gentleness and generosity might well have made me; but I thought this wicked man was dead long years ago. It is true—too true, that he married me; but it was by force, and when his life was forfeited by a great crime. Sir Standon, you see before you, the blood-stained Buccaneer Lawrence, whose crimes have filled the ear of Europe. Will you deliver me into his power?”

“No! by mine honour!” interrupted Sir Standon: “he shall first expiate his crimes on an English scaffold, if there is force in our English law.”

“Hold a moment!” said the Buccaneer; “my wife has acknowledged me as her

lawful husband, yet you appeal against me to your law. She has told you that I am a buccaneer, and an outlaw. I am now a Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, conferred by my gracious sovereign, and Governor of the Island of Tortuga." (Here he uncovered his breast, and showed a decoration.)* "I am also Count Monti, by the decree and recognition of the Venetian States, for services rendered by me on their seas. And now, Sir Standon Seignory, once more I demand my wife, under my true name, and right, and title."

Sir Standon was staggered by this assertion, but he replied,—

"You must prove your words, sir ; and, in the first place answer me, why did you never make this bold claim before ?"

"That is *my* affair," replied Lawrence. "Nevertheless, I will answer you. This lady ran away from me to Carthagena, whither I could not openly follow her, as my life then would have been forfeited. Besides, I had then other views, in conse-

* A fact. Lawrence was promoted, like Morgan, to a command in this French island, and decorated at the same time.

quence of which I left her to pursue her own devices : I even allowed to be transmitted to her by a Scotch adventurer, large sums, which I might have kept. I then understood that she had been burned in Don Felipo's house, and I only lately, and by accident, tracked her to her present position. I have no time, nor inclination, to say more.—Marina ! once more I summon you to accompany me, if you would not have this scene made public, and be handed over to me by the power of that law, which your protector is so ready to evoke.”

Marina saw that all was over. Such, too, was her peculiar temperament, that she was, perhaps, partly won by the bold determination and gallant bearing of the Buccaneer. At all events she made a merit of the necessity, and gave her hand to her fierce claimant.

“ I yield,” she said ; “ and it may be that I am more fitted to be the wife of one who knows how to win me, than of one who, I see by his hesitation, is unequal to the effort of protecting me.”

Such was Sir Standon's reward for a patience and generosity that have often since met with a similar reward ; and have deserved it, too, by abandoning the natural and rightful rule that belongs to them.

That evening, when Sir Standon and his son Harold were sitting together in the old oak-paneled hall, the events of the morning—of the last two years—seemed like a dream. That beautiful, despotic woman, had come and gone, and left no trace ; except, perhaps, in the more silvered hair and more subdued bearing of the weak but worthy man who had called her wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

What you can do, or think you can, begin it :
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it ;
Only BEGIN, and once the mind grows heated,
The task speeds on, and soon will be completed.

Hyperion.

THE following morning, a dapper little man, dressed in black, with a crisp wig, sought an audience of Sir Standon. He represented himself as an attorney, and presented a claim on behalf of Lawrence Count Monti, for sixty thousand pounds !

Harold was with his father when this claim was made. He had long suspected his difficulties, but he saw them confirmed in the look of blank despair that overspread the naturally joyous countenance of the old Baronet. The Attorney, having dis-

charged his commission, retired, and the father and son were left alone.

After a pause, the poor youth said timidly,—“ Father, I do not wish to intrude upon your confidence, but I fear that this is a very inconvenient demand upon you. I can help you a very, very little ; but do not refuse that little. When I was in Germany, you allowed me five hundred pounds a year ; but I found that all my comrades lived upon a mere trifle, and I thought it was not handsome to affect a superior style of living. So I lived like them, and I have a thousand pounds, which I had lost to that very Count the night that Master Law was here, but he generously restored it to me, as he saw the play was unfair. Father, take this trifle, such as it is, and let me help you in any more efficient way that I can.”

When the feelings are strongly excited, any plaintive appeal is strongly felt ; and Sir Standon now burst into a flood of tears.

“ My boy, my darling, generous boy ! I would not, for all this money twice told, have lost this proof of your affection. But

there is nothing,—nothing that I cannot settle after a little time ; and I trust this old hall will yet see you its master, unshorn of power, to follow the dictates of your heart. But I must now ride to York, and settle with these knaves.”

So the old gentleman called for his boots and blood bay mare, and rode off with a heavy heart to York. He had been on the point of confessing all his difficulties to his son, but a mistaken fear of giving pain, and a vague but still sanguine hope that “ something would turn up,” restrained him ; and he once more drew back the gloomy secret to the recesses of his burdened brain.

Meanwhile young Harold paced to and fro upon the terrace, revolving in his mind all that had passed. He instinctively perceived that there was some deep and dangerous difficulty in his father’s affairs ; and, bounded in a narrow range as his knowledge of mankind was, his thoughts reverted to Law. The genius and practical character of that man had strongly impressed him, and his concluding words, “ We may yet be friends,” rang in his

ears. He felt that his father was unable to cope with his embarrassment, whatever it was, and he thought that Law might be useful in diverting if not in removing his anxieties. He therefore resolved to write to him, to ask him to come and visit Hartly Chase, as if by accident; and he at once put his resolve into execution; directing his letter to the Piazza Coffee-house, Covent-garden, as the well-remembered address that he had received. He did not think of the chances against finding that erratic individual at the end of two years.

Meanwhile, Sir Standon had procured the money for Lawrence, at enormous interest, and returned home comparatively relieved in mind. At first his house appeared lonely to him, in spite of the sensation of repose that appeared to succeed the departure of its late mistress. But he gradually resumed his spirits, and when at the end of ten days, Captain Law was announced, he received him with all his former geniality and good humour. During the next few days Law and young

Harold were much together ; hunting and shooting apparently, but there appeared little result from their sport ; and the old baronet would mock them unsuspiciously for their inexpertness, wishing that his younger days could return, that he might show them the old style of woodcraft. But at length he left them to themselves, and Law watched for his opportunity.

The difficulties that had so long beset Sir Standon were now rapidly accumulating, as it is the nature of pecuniary difficulties to do : they “ grow with what they feed on ; ” and each time the Antæus is flung “ upon the land,” he springs up with fresh forces derived from his overthrow. The poor baronet regarded his danger courageously as long as he believed himself to be the only sufferer ; but he soon found that a debtor cannot suffer alone. Humble dependents respectfully hinted rather than pleaded their sore need ; creditors, whose only security was the baronet’s word, as their sole dependence was upon his solvency ; tradespeople whose credit suffered with that of their great

patron, and whose daily privations were endured in painful secrecy — all these people and their melancholy claims became gradually known to Sir Standon, and his kindly generous heart was well-nigh broken. Unaccustomed to concealment, his suppressed care soon began to tell upon his frame. The firm yet elastic step gave place to an irresolute and uncertain gait. His form was no longer upright, and his eyes sought the ground. Deep furrows began to sink into his forehead, and his hair had rapidly grown gray and grizzled and neglected. But still with weak false pride he strove to maintain his old appearance in the world. Still his stud was to be seen exercising in a long procession. Still the six Flander's mares drew the family coach, surrounded with footmen, to the church. Still the house was open to all his acquaintances in all its ancient hospitality; and none could have guessed from what they saw around them in profusion and splendour, that the lord of the mansion was sinking under the weight of poverty.

Often would Sir Standon sit in front of his proud porch, beneath the carved armorial bearings of his ancient race, and muse with bitter anguish on his state. Nothing but the sale of those fair lands that lay spread before him to the distant hills could save him from debt's bitter bondage.

“To myself, as a mere man,” he muttered, “the exchange of a life of show to one of retirement and unreproachful economy would seem delightful; but for those who surround me, in memory and in hope—my fathers who won these goodly lands, and my poor child who hopes to succeed to it—these rise up against my selfish ease. Are there no means, is there no personal sacrifice?—Alas! that question has been asking itself for many a weary night and dismal day.”

He smote his head with his hand, and tears actually forced their way into his eyes. At that moment the Captain bounded up the steps, singing gaily the refrain of an old French song. He

started when he saw Sir Standon. His first impulse was to apologise for an involuntary intrusion; but he at once saw that he might with as little presumption inquire the cause of his host's sorrow, as apologise for having witnessed it. This he did with warm and unfeigned solicitude; the genial generous character of the Baronet had won upon him greatly; (his own, if developed under more favourable circumstances, had not perhaps been very different,) and he regarded him at once with the respect we feel for honoured elders, and the half-compassionate tenderness we entertain for children. Sir Standon was in the very crisis of his mood, when words of sympathy are not intrusive, and it was a relief to him to pour his sorrow forth. He told his whole story to the young adventurer, and not until he had finished did he venture to steal a look at his hearer to see in what manner his communication affected him. The Captain listened with the deepest interest, but with an aspect of cheerful

surprise that partly encouraged, yet partly offended him.

“My dear Sir Standon !” exclaimed the Captain, “if you had sooner honoured me with your confidence, you would have spared yourself great and needless anxiety. Young and thoughtless as I may seem, and as perhaps I am, I have some acquaintance with the practical workings of this masking world. At different periods of my life I have been engaged in matters of this nature ; and though I am myself almost a mere penniless adventurer,—like the mouse in the fable, I may help to set the lion free. Suppose your debts are all that you state, and add one-third more for those disagreeable surprises that always follow a close investigation of such matters,—why there’s ample margin left. Sell those grand old oaks, those hospitable walls, yon wide-spread lands ?—never ! If you can put faith in one with whom you are so little acquainted as with me, you shall be heart-free this day twelvemonth. I shall have nothing to do with the moneys

—mark me—but I will keep my eye on those who have.”

Sir Standon felt his heart bound as he listened to the young adventurer's bold words of comfort and promise. He did not hesitate to accept the Captain's offer. He read nothing but truth and honour in his deliverer's countenance; if that friend had been a villain, he would probably have thought the same.

But Law was no villain; he was as capable of good as of great impulses. He loved the confiding old Baronet in his heart, he honoured his position, he saw him about to sink through very ignorance, and he resolved to save him.

“I must ask you, Sir Standon,” he said, “to give me your assistance for a few days in examining the actual state of your affairs, in order that I may be thoroughly informed before I take any important steps.”

“Ah!” replied the Baronet, deprecatingly, “one hour would more than tell you all I know.”

And such was indeed the case; the old

gentlemen would willingly have submitted to the loss of a limb—nay of life itself, to disengage his estate from its ruin; but he could not bring himself to the first and necessary task of looking his affairs in the face. It was no uncommon case; and perhaps Law himself, had the case been his own, would have had the same reluctance. As it was, however, he set zealously to work. He prevailed on Sir Standon to make out a list of his liabilities, as far as he knew them;—about two hundred thousand pounds. He then prevailed on him to write to his steward, agent, and bailiffs, to send in a statement of their accounts for the last year. This proceeding took them by surprise. Some had not kept any accounts; others had prepared a mere mass of words and figures, of which they knew their easy and indulgent master would never test the accuracy.

But their accounts were now subjected to a very different scrutiny: the keenest eyes in Europe were upon them, and the intuition by which the most recondite knaveries were detected, seemed to them

supernatural. As each agent came under Law's investigation, he threw himself on his mercy ; in several instances their inquisitor turned their own guns, as it were, upon the enemy, by allowing those whose errors appeared venial to give testimony against their more guilty brethren. By the end of three days, the reformer had disposed of all but the stronghold of the financial mysteries, the law-agent: into this, however, he had obtained various glimpses, which proved to him that it would not be long tenable.

The interview with the law-agent took place in Sir Standon's presence. The few law-letters which Sir Standon had preserved were produced. In them, there were constant allusions to some hard-hearted usurer, " who would not be satisfied with less than such-and-such conditions."

Law's questions, lucid and irresistible as lightning, shot into this mystery ; and soon revealed the identity of the said usurer with the agent who had employed his imaginary services. Thenceforth the in-

quisitorial task became easy. With a rapidity which the agent did not attempt to follow, Law added up the sums that had been paid or demanded beyond legal interest, and columns of alarming figures collapsed before the process with marvellous rapidity. At length, when this point was settled, and Law's questions began to search into yet sorer places; Sir Standon, feeling for the evident torture of his long-trusted agent, attempted to induce Law to desist: saying that enough had been done, and he was quite sure all would be satisfactorily explained in time. But Law's blood was up, and he pursued his game unflinchingly. He uttered no reproach: he did not even express contempt in his looks; but he persevered, as in the elucidation of some curious problem in mathematics, until he had laid bare every transaction between master and servant, from the time that Sir Standon first raised the traitor from obscurity to prosperity and independence. He then coolly bowed him out, and turning to Sir Standon exclaimed:

“ Well, Sir Standon, if you had not at last resolved to look into your affairs it would have been all up in six months. That’s an able villain who has just left us. Now two courses are open to you. Will you be content to remain here with a reduced establishment, or will you go into retirement for a few years, which perhaps would better suit your feelings? In either of these cases, all your creditors can be paid, and your son will probably have a tolerably unencumbered property. If you like to live on, as at present, I think, with what we now know, you may do so for three or four years. Your rental cannot safely be estimated at above twelve thousand a-year, and you owe about two hundred and fifty thousand. The former can undoubtedly be raised a thousand or two per annum, and the latter may still bear reduction. But, for round numbers, they will serve you to base your calculations upon.”

Sir Standon at once declared that comfort or happiness appeared to him absolutely (at that moment) confined to paying his debts; and that a life of economy would

be almost an agreeable excitement and variety.

That night Law, accompanied by Harold, in whose care he required should be placed title-deeds and other parchments, started for London. Three days afterwards he presented himself, as we have seen, in Alvaro's house.

It would have been curious to watch the trial of "tongue fence" between those two subtle and worldly, but generous minds. Law put forth all his ingenuity in drawing such a picture of the old Baronet as could not fail to win upon Alvaro's sympathies. It did so, but only in a poetical point of view; in the practical matters of business, Alvaro did not allow himself to be so influenced. He cross-examined Law in turn, and soon acquired a tolerably just judgment of Sir Standon and his affairs. At length he wound up by saying—

"Your friend is evidently a weak but an amiable man. Nothing will teach him the value of money, except experiencing its privation. (I know that from experience.) Let him retire to some quiet place,

far removed from the scenes of his thoughtless extravagance. Let him there live for some years on—say a thousand a-year. Why should he not try Sandilee? I once fitted up the Peel-house in a condition fit for a person of quality; and he would there have the society of my friend Paterson, who will inspire him with resignation and philosophy, if it is possible. But I do not wish to dictate to Sir Standon. If he accepts my terms, he may live where he pleases: he shall have the money at five per cent., but the overplus must go to reduce the debt. Obtain his assent, and there need be no further delay. Meanwhile, I should like to see the son, from what you say of him. Ask him to do me the honour of dining here to-morrow.”

Harold made his appearance at the time appointed. Alvaro was favourably impressed by his self-possession and cheerful resignation to what he conceived to be the downfall of his house; for his friend had carefully forborne to let him know of the final arrangements made in his favour. He expressed to Alvaro his desire to enter

at once into active life, and endeavour to make his own way :

“ What honour to be dropp’d on Fortune’s hill ?
The honour is to mount it ! ”

was the substance of his speech ; and it pleased Alvaro. Not so, however, the direction that his wishes took ; for Harold was smitten with a military ambition,—that which, of all others, had least attraction for Alvaro. But Marlborough had then begun his career of glory, and all the young heart of England was on fire to emulate him.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the hill top, worn and gray,
Lieth age ;—a pleasant ray
From the setting sun doth grace
The deep furrows of his face.
God be blessed, he hath won
Life's great victory ; wending on
Through the dreamings proud and bold ;
Through the passions manifold ;
Through the subtle hopes and fears
Of the stormy later years,
To the TRUTH, that in his soul
Holdeth now its high control.

WESTWOOD.

WE have lingered so long upon our road to our goal, that, now it is in sight, we must hurry over the last stage.

Sir Standon embraced the conditions—eccentric as they seemed to him—imposed by the Merchant Prince : indeed he was only too happy to be saved the trouble of making his own decision. He also

adopted Alvaro's suggestion as to becoming tenant of the old Peel-house, now a picturesque, though small, castellated building surrounded by gardens. The cottages which he had long ago saved from the license of Drummond's troopers, were converted into clean and comfortable dwellings; and some of the old inhabitants still gratefully remembered the young cornet's discipline and munificence. The Solway shore was a pleasant place to sit and muse over his past career; and to recall all the faithful and affectionate, though humble sorrow that had been testified at his departure from his grand old home. Instead of a numerous stud, which he scarcely ever used, he had now one trusty cob, which was seldom unemployed; instead of horizons of land, he had now a hundred acres to farm. But he had a mind free from care, and his spirits rose hourly. Like some brave tree, almost smothered by creepers and parasites, he had begun to droop and wither; now that a clean clearance was made, he seemed to expand into new life, and unlive the last few cankering years. The calm, wise,

pious Paterson was ever near to advise with, and to listen to ; and from time to time, news came of some gallant achievement of his son's ; these he would read, first to his old friend, and then to all the villagers, as well as his tears of pride would permit ; for Harold was then fighting his way to distinction. He had shared in Marlborough's great triumph at Blenheim ; and though he little knew that his heroic chief, whom he regarded as a demigod, was actually subsidized by Alvaro,* he felt the beneficial influence of the Merchant Prince upon his own fortunes. After Ramilies, he returned to England with a colonel's rank, and presented himself to Alvaro, with honest pride. Him he found looking old and care-worn and gray, but his dark eyes still glowed with all their former fire : he was about to undertake a journey into Scotland, to visit his old friend Paterson, who had made a resolution never to leave his home again.

As Harold was proceeding thither to see

* Known in history by his surname of Medina.

his father, they travelled in company, and visited Hartly Chase on their way. There, to Harold's delighted surprise, he found his father reinstated in his ancestral home. The worthy old gentleman was divested, indeed, of much of the feudal, encumbering pomp which he had once considered essential to the due maintenance of his position ; but he lacked nothing that could be required for comfort and unostentatious hospitality. Sir Standon's mind appeared to have shared in the same reform : no longer oppressed with the burden of a hopeless debt, he was no longer dreamy and languid. He looked into his affairs with energy and interest, combating every approach to fraud or laxity, as if it was a deadly enemy. He rode constantly abroad among his tenants ; learning from their own lips and from their farms, the true condition of their affairs, the sorrows in which he could sympathize, the necessities that he could relieve, the happiness that he could share.

Thus, happy in the discharge of his duties, and in possession of a blameless

conscience, he had lived at Hartly Chase for above a twelvemonth; and when his son was restored to him, the measure of his happiness appeared complete. One only drawback still existed, in his separation from his friend Paterson, who could not be prevailed upon to leave his home by the Solway. It was, therefore, with joy that he consented to accompany Alvaro in his journey to Sandilee.

As they rode along, (in the fashion now almost unknown in Europe, but still preserved in all its pleasantness in the East,) Alvaro and Sir Standon had ample time for conversation. Then Sir Standon learned, for the first time, that Lawrence had established himself in Paris, where he lived for some months in great splendour: his wife's beauty, combined with his own talents and love of play, drawing about him a numerous society. (Sir Standon well remembered Marina's beauty, and remembered it without a sigh!) The Chevalier de St. Laurent, as he was then called, was at length discovered to play a little too finely; the discovery led to a challenge, in which

the adventurer fell. Marina, after a paroxysm of grief, retired to a convent.

Law was pursuing his own singular career, and maintaining his character in all the capitals of Europe, as the most successful gambler, and the profoundest financier alive. He amassed a considerable fortune, and married Lady Katherine, daughter of the Earl of Banbury.*

After several days' journey, our travellers approached the Manor-house of Sandilee. They descended towards it from the fir-planted hill that bounded the little park behind the house.

It was a secluded, silent spot; silent at least, but for those sounds that are only associated in our minds with repose and peace :—a waterfall—an umbrageous wood, whose boughs rustled at every breeze,—a

* Ultimately, (long after the latest date of our story), he settled himself in Paris, and became Minister of Finance to the Regent Duke of Orleans. He reformed the taxes, and founded a Bank, which gave almost immediate prosperity to Paris; but the avarice and recklessness of the Regent drove him on into various devices which terminated in the memorable Mississippi scheme. After the explosion of that stupendous bubble, he wandered about Europe in comparative poverty, though still highly honoured, and at length died at Venice, in 1729. His story was to have terminated this work, but for the length to which it would have led it.

mill, whose industrious clack was seldom still—a brawling brook: these voices of secluded life sent pleasant sounds through the latticed windows and honeysuckled porch of the hermit's sombre dwelling.

The thoughts of the travellers had been gradually prepared for, and brought into harmony with the aspect of tranquillity that pervaded this quiet asylum of the world-weary philosopher. Their journey had terminated towards the close of a genial autumn day; the rude pathway sometimes leading them through shadowy glens, memorable in the old Scottish wars; sometimes emerging upon the open sunburnt heather, and sometimes subsiding along the shingly shore. The only living things that presented themselves, were once or twice a wild-looking herdsman, tending his yet wilder cattle; or a herd of deer that moved away like shadows on the distant hills.

But as they approached the Manor-house, some signs of civilized life became visible: neat fences; teams of horses returning from their labour; the village in the distance, with the ruins of the old Castle

of Caerlaverock standing boldly in relief from a plantation of Scotch firs; the Frith, spreading widely beyond, calm and bright, except where it was dotted with the dark red sails of the fishermen's boats.

On the old porch, where his father had used to sit, Paterson, the son, sate now, silent and serene as the nature around him.

He was then deeply enjoying the pleasure of a calm Scottish sunset; a sensation of profound repose seemed to have communicated itself from nature to his weary frame: his broad breast was heaving with a pulsation as slow and gradual as that of the sea on which his eyes were resting. But his thoughts were not in Scotland; they were far away—beyond all reach of mortal vision—where the westernmost Indian islands rise in all their beauty from the crystal seas. There his youth was past in dangers and trials manifold; thither he returned in his manhood's prime, to execute his glorious scheme. There, whitening on those distant shores, he had left the bones of his dearest friends, the

disciples of his faith, the sharers of his hopes, the followers of his star : there, he had seen his true wife pine away and die in the disappointment that wrung, but could not break, her husband's manful heart.

Paterson, upon whom the eyes of all western Europe were once fixed in hope or enmity, is now at rest in the scenes where his boyhood was passed; and where his age, crowned with all the consolations of faith, will sink quietly to its last repose.

But the unexpected sight of his friends now aroused him from his trance. He joyfully welcomed them, and put his modest establishment to the utmost stretch of its capabilities in order to entertain them.

They had all, except Harold, many associations to interest them in the surrounding scenery; and many days passed by without any event beyond what each found in his own mind. At length, Sir Standon and his son happening to be away upon the hills, the two partners of other times were left alone together.

"Old friend," said Alvaro, as they strolled

together along the shore, “let us sit down beneath this cliff, where, years ago,—it seems almost an eternity!—I used to sit with Isobel in the first rapturous days that we were left together,—all in all to one another. There, on that very tuft of grass—as it seems to me on those very flowers—she used to rest. And there she would speak to me of wondrous things that appeared familiar to her; things and thoughts of another world, to which I could not follow her. And here, on this spot, I would fain give you, my tried and most true friend, charge of Isobel’s child. I would have her live where her mother lived, and breathe the pure air that she breathed: and, perhaps, under the same influences, she may come to resemble that most perfect woman who is now at rest;—at rest in yonder grave, to which I well know my heartless and inconceivable neglect hurried her.

“My friend, I have struggled hard with the world to wring from its distractions some solace for my cares: but I have tried in vain; it is very hollow!—I cannot play

my part in it any more. I am about to proceed upon another pilgrimage—my last. You will—or, if you were any other man, you would—smile at my morbid fancy, but I would fain lay my bones in Jerusalem; and as I feel the time is not far off when the wasted lamp of life will be extinguished, I am resolved to hasten thither. To your care I leave my child. She is a treasure too pure and good for me. To your trust, too, I bequeath all the dross that my life has appeared to be devoted in accumulating. But bring up my little one as a village girl. Let her never know of her dangerous possessions until her mind is matured. Old Janet, who alone will accompany her hither, is sworn never to betray the secret of her future wealth; and I know that she will keep her word. Will you execute this trust?

“One word more. It may be a foolish fancy, and ten thousand chances are against its fulfilment. But I like this manly and gallant soldier boy (for he is no more), whom we have here with us. If my child and he should like one another, (and there

is not any *great* disparity of years between them ;) I—in short—I would not have you oppose their union. But I talk like an old dotard. It is time to change the conversation ; for I would not have your answer until to-morrow.—Then I shall say to the worthiest and most single-hearted man I ever knew—FAREWELL.”

Here I concluded my MS., and looked round on my Highlander in diffidence, and some faint hope ; but lo ! that respectable individual had retired ; and left me alone to meet the verdict of an awful “ PUBLIC.”

THE END.

NOTE.

I INTENDED to have thrown into an Appendix some of the various curious matters connected with the Buccaneers which I thought were least known; or which I, at least, only discovered by accident in the course of the few researches I have made in the mines of the Bodleian and British Museum libraries. I had also intended to have confessed the few liberties I have taken with Paterson's true history; but I fear the reader may be already weary of him, and I will not venture to discuss him further, lest I should presume too far upon the reader's indulgence. I would make one observation,

however, for which I shall perhaps be considered pedantic. Whenever I have spoken of Paterson in substantiated facts, I have called him by that name; in all that is fictitious I have applied to him, in Scottish fashion, the territorial name of Tinwald. And here I must make one more confession; Tinwald, which was indeed the name of his native place, is not on the sea-shore, but many miles inland. *Pitmyre* is the inharmonious name of the house of his birth. This, I think, is the greatest liberty that I have to confess having taken with my subject.

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